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COUNTY LOCAL OPTION

OHIO'S NEXT MOVE IN TEMPERANCE

BY F. L. DUSTMAN.

As the cheering, excited and enthusiastic crowd pushed its way out of the Ohio senate chamber the day the Aikin bill, increasing the Dow tax to $1,000 a year, passed that body at the last session of the general assembly, one of Ohio's prominent citizens, who had watched the tumultuous scenes attending the roll call, remarked to a friend that "there will be no further temperance legislation in this state for the next ten years."

That this aforesaid prominent citizen was mistaken is conceded by every person who has noted the high tide of temperance, not only in Ohio, but throughout the country. Even now the forces are lining up, and next winter will see a battle royal for the passage of a county local option law.

The legislature, at its last session, enacted three great measures dealing with the saloons. The Jones law, or the amended Brannock law, now provides for local option by city districts without a vote. Instead of balloting, a petition signed by 51 per cent of the qualified voters of the district, is all that is necessary to compel the closing of the saloons. Under this law fully 350,000 people in the residential districts of Ohio cities are now living in dry territory.

Another law passed by the legislature at its last session is the Wood search and seizure measure. This is designed to deal with blind tigers and speakeasies, which do business in towns and other territory which has voted out the saloons. It seems to be a natural tendency for many saloonists to violate the law. Even when a municipality or district has voted dry, there is always to be found some unprincipaled persons who are ever ready to disregard the laws of God and man, and without respect for the will of the majority they clandestinely continue the sale of intoxicants. Under the search and seizure law, these fellows are having a hard time of it, as was evidenced at Collinwood last Sunday, when ten drinking places were raided, their proprietors arrested and the wet goods confiscated.

The Aikin law was the third temperance measure which passed the last legislature, and while it has reduced the number of saloons in the state by 25 per cent, it has greatly increased the revenues and is compelling the saloon to pay a larger share of taxes to meet the bills caused by the doomed traffic.

At the last session of the general assembly a bill was introduced in the senate providing for local option by counties. It is now in the hands of a committee, and over its passage or defeat will, next winter, be waged the fiercest fight ever witnessed in the legislative halls of this state.

Both sides are lining up for the contest. Back of the measure, and pledged to its support, is the Anti-Saloon league, the organization which has done and is doing more for practical temperance than any body ever before organized. It has been the victor on many a well-fought field, and has back of it the great army of church people woh at last realize that the way to meet and overcome the brewers and saloon-keepers is to present a solid front, be active and alert at all times and strike hard blows.

The liquor element enters this great battle in a groggy condition. Affairs are not going well with it. Throughout the country it is being trimmed to a finish. The people are fast reaching the decision that there is no merit in the saloon; that it has nothing good in it; that it benefits none, but is a mighty evil to all.

State after state is enacting adverse legislation. Tighter and tighter the coils are being drawn about the saloon, until its supporters and defenders are in a panic. Local option is a favorite weapon used in dealing it death blows. In many states, through these laws, the saloon has been all but wiped out. In almost, if not quite, half the territory of the whole country, the saloon has been outlawed.

The southern states are moving rapidly towards total prohibition. It is freely predicted, and not without reason, that within five years every state in the south will have followed the example of Georgia and prohibited the traffic entirely. Florida, Alabama and Tennessee are already nearing the goal, and others are rapidly falling into line. Kentucky is at this time so nearly dry that before the readers of this article are much older Louisville will be the only place in the commonwealth where the thirsty can find the liquid refreshment which inebriates but does not cheer.

In the states of the north, all laws against the saloon are better enforced than ever before. Cities no more pride themselves in being wide-open, neither do they believe the Sunday saloon is necessary to business prosperity. More stringent laws are being enacted every year and prominent men who, a short time ago, were indifferent, are now taking a decided stand for better government and against the encroachment of the saloon.

The liquor interests are not blind to the danger which confronts them. Their organizations and their organs have been sounding the alarm for some time. The Bar and Buffet, the leading liquor publication of the country, in its current issue, wails as follows:

While our ranks are torn by internecine strife, while the straight whisky people and the rectifiers are fighting each other, while the wine men are pulling one way and the brewers another, the cohorts of total abstinence are marching steadily on.

In their ranks there is unity, well-defined aim, singleness of purpose, enthusiasm and they all work together. In our ranks there is none of those. Instead, all is confusion. We are not only doing nothing to oppose the enemy, but we are playing into their hands by fighting among ourselves.

The movement against the saloon is gathering strength like a prairie fire and spreading almost as fast and relentlessly. And it is our fault. We have been blind. We have refused to see. We would not understand. We would not believe. Now we have to. We cannot longer evade the issue. We have to look the facts in the face and we have to do it now—at once.

The whole trouble lies in the retail end of the business. Certain customs, methods, usages and practices which obtain among the wholesalers, brewers and distillers and which we hear so loudly criticised, are as nothing when compared with the disreputable saloon.

It is the dive—the doggery—that is poisoning the business—the saloon with the sitting room attached, the saloon where liquor is sold to minors, the saloon that caters to thugs and thieves. It has got to go. And the liquor interests must speed its going or in the end go with it. There is no alternative. There must be no temporizing or delay. We either cast it overboard and save ourselves or we all go down together. Which is it going to be?

When the traffic is cornered it begins to talk reform. Its spasm of pretended virtue has come too late. The people quite generally believe there is no such thing as a respectable saloon. There can be little reformation in that direction.

Happily, in legislation dealing with the liquor traffic, there is no politics. Neither party wants to be known as the whisky party. Its support is a source of weakness to any candidate for any office. It has been so perniciously active that it has brought upon its head the wrath of the decent element of all parties and it is now reaping the whirlwind.

In the votes on temperance measures in Ohio in recent years party lines have been obliterated. Republicans and Democrats have stood shoulder to shoulder in enacting these laws. They have given heed to the sentiment of the people of the state and, compelled to stand on its merits, the traffic has been buffeted from pillar to post because it has no merit.

A county local option law will be enacted next winter only after a desperate struggle. That it will have a good margin in the house is pretty generally conceded, even by the liquor forces, if they speak their honest judgment. The senate will be close, so close that both sides must admit it is debatable ground.

But when those who oppose local option by counties stand up to advance arguments defending their position, they find themselves on untenable ground. Local option has become one of the fixed customs of dealing with theliquor traffic. It is a sensible, lawful plan. Here in Ohio it has been in operation for years. First it was local option by townships, and it is so effective that of the 1,334 townships in the state, more than 1,100 are without saloons. The Beal municipal local option law has driven the saloon from more than 400 cities and towns of Ohio, while the Brannock, or Jones law, has cleaned up acres of territory in the residence districts of cities.

Why not apply the same principle to counties? The county is the political unit. Residents of counties are brought into close association. The county seat town is the natural center for all the people of that political subdivision. Their interests are allied and interwoven because they live in the same county. Their local pride is bounded by county limits. They are clannish because they are residents of the same county. The family living in one part of a county is interested in all that affects the entire county. The people of a county are neighbors, although they may be separated by several townships.

After all, the proposition of county local option throws the whole question back on the people. Should the legislature enact a county local option law, it does not mean that any power outside the people of the several counties will determine the question of saloons or no saloons. It is simply the legislature giving the citizens of each county the opportunity of saying by a majority vote whether or not they will permit saloons to do business. It is home rule in its greatest simplicity, and who can object to it?

Some of the best informed men in Ohio, saloon men and temperance men, believe that if county option prevails 78 of the 88 counties of the state will, sooner or later, vote dry. With the great strides made by the temperance forces in recent years, the estimate is probably not too high. But what of it? If the people do not want the saloons, should they not have the opportunity and the means of getting rid of them? What valid reason can be given for not passing a county local option law? But the liquor element will not present an argument against such a measure. It does not defend its cause in that way. It will oppose such a law because it will rob it of money, and for that reason only. Every resource will be exhausted to defeat the bill.

But the tide is strong and sentiment is growing. In temperance work Ohio will go forward along with the other states. County ontion will come, and if every man does his duty it will come next winter.

If you find a man who is opposed to such a measure, ask him for his reason for not permitting the people to exercise their own judgment in the matter. Believe me, he canont advance a valid objection.

THE LAST SLAVE MARKET

Morocco the Only Civilized Country Where Human Beings Are Still Bought and Sold.

The sacrifice of human life by the African slave trade alone was estimated by Livingstone at half a million a year, but civilization has waged a grand and successful fight against it since his day. Shameful traffic of this kind is now almost altogether a thing of the past, and the severest penalties are enacted against it by all enlightened nations. And yet, in spite of this, one empire remains where, with cynical indifference, human beings are bought and sold in open market, purchasers having absolute control over life and limb, says the New York Tribune.

Stranger still, this empire, far from being remote from civilization, is within cannon shot of the fortress of Gibraltar and the coast of Spain. I allude to Morocco, the last independent Mohammedan empire of Africa, whose fate may soon be decided by France. For a hundred years determined efforts have been made, politically and otherwise, to suppress the Moorish slave trade, yet without avail.

"Morocco," said Lord Salisbury, in a notable speech, "remains the home of the worst abuses, of the greatest cruelty, of the greatest ignorance and backwardness in all that conduces to prosperity or humanity."

If any power has influence in that strange land from Tangier to the Atlas mountains, it is England, and yet her minister, Sir John Drummond Hay, confessed that, although he and his predecessors had brought moral suasion to bear on the sultan, his viziers and the council of elders, Morocco as a slave state was "an Augean stable beyond my power to cleanse." The nations do what they can. Thus, influential Moors requiring protection from their own government and seeking that of France, Great Britain or Germany are absolutely forbidden to hold slaves.

Truth to tell this ordinance is entirely ineffectual, and men, women and children are at this hour sold openly, not only in the interior, but under the very eyes of the Tangier diplomats. So delicate is the political situation as regards Morocco that each of these ministers is afraid to take any step in the matter without the co-operation of all his colleagues.

All that has been gained is the abolition of public auctions in regular slave markets in the coast ports. But in the northern capital, Fez, and Marrakesh, the southern capital, there is a portion of each city set apart as the slave market, exactly as there are markets for grain, fruit, horses, mules and camels, cloth stuffs and other commodities, and the rich Moor's attitude toward his human purchase is best seen in the following anecdote told me by Sir John Drummond Hay:

A friend of the Spanish Consul in Mogador was on a visit to Said Sidi El-Arbi, Governor of Abda, and one night in an inner court of the kasbab, or citadel, the Spaniard began to show his skill with a Mauser rifle. He got his own servant to hold a playing card between his fingers and he pierced it three times out of four at 11 yards.

Throwing back his haid the Caid leaped up, crying: "I, too, can shoot; give me the gun, M'Baruk," he said to a Nubian slave squatting under the red mud wall, "take that barrada (water jar) between thy legs." El-Arbi got the European to measure off 150 paces, then brought the rifle sharply to his shoulder, and with a murmured "Praise to the One and Great," took aim and fired.

The slave fell over sideways, pierced through both ankles. His master, throwing up his hands, wailed: "Yalatif, yalatif; I gave $80 for that fellow last week and now he is useless!"

There is not in all the world a spectacle more impressive than the public slave market of Marrakesh. It is an open square fenced round with huts near the center of a vast rambling, crumbling city of tabia, or red mud, with walls over 12 miles in circumference. The avenues leading to it are roofed over with lianes, palm leaves and vines, and the auction takes place three times a week just before sunset.

I entered the market about six o'clock. Not a slave was to be seen as I entered the great square. But squatting down all around were many hundreds of Arab men in robes of spotless wool and silk, often with their own little children by their side, gorgeous in every color of the rainbow—scarlet and gold, crimson and mauve, emerald green and indigo blue.

An Arab comes riding through, two earringed blacks with bright yellow slippers running ahead to clear a path for him. This is El-Glawl, who collects the per capita slave tax for the Moorish government. His entry is the signal for the dilals, or auctioneers, to come forth from the slave pens and range themselves for prayer. The setting sun is behind them as their leader lifts up his voice to the "Most High, who gave the true faith through His messenger." Blessings are called down upon prospective buyers and their purchases.

The prayers done, the men break up and hurry over to the slave pens —little palm thatched huts of mud. I followed and found in one of the largest ten or twelve women and girls and small children. Some of the girls had pulled their woolen haiks over their faces, and seemed anxious about their fate. Others were careless and smiling; the little boys and girls were playing games on the floor.

The head auctioneer allotted so many slaves to each of his men, and the sale began. Each dilal led forth two at a time. I noticed each had been specially dressed for the occasion. The younger women were radiant in crimson silks and jingling bangles and anklets of massive silver. This finery had been borrowed for the sale. Apart from negroes of both sexes I was astonished to see "white" women, young girls and children; by "white" is meant the Moorish and Arab race, some of whom are as fair as or even fairer than a southern European, with light hair and blue eyes.

With swift strides the auctioneer and his charges strode down one lane of the market and up another, calling out the merits of his pair with never ceasing eloquence. This young man was strong as one of the old heroes; that girl was fair to look upon and a wonder in preparing rare dishes.

Suddenly a languid Moor, throwing back his dark blue shilham, beckons the auctioneer. The man approaches, salutes, stands on one side. The slave kneels and the possible buyer examines teeth and muscles. Turning to the expectant dilal he gives one guttural number, and the next moment the trio are on their way down the great square, the tall figure in the middle shouting the bid at his loudest. This attracts attention. Another summons, another inspection; a bid of $10 more.

In still more staccato tones—seeing that his commission of 2½ per cent is fast rising—the auctioneer again goes on the way, almost dragging the slaves with him. Prices rule from $40 to $50 of our money up to $2,000. I saw this sum bid for a really beautiful girl of 17.

She was robed in bright orange gown and had slippers of green morocco embroidered with gold and silver thread. She was bought by the powerful Caid El-Gundaf, whose khalifa, or lieutenant governor, was bidding for him.

When each pair of slaves is disposed of the auctioneer goes back to his own pen and brings forth another couple. Their demeanor varies curiously. I saw an old negro woman of perhaps 50 years shuffling around amid the jokes of the squatting lines of Moors. Infants of 5 or 7 trotted around with bold eyes and smiling faces. There were Moorish girls, shy who could run with a load of 200 pounds, and anxious-eyed mothers with children.

Gradually one sees the slaves sitting by their new master's side. The pens are nearly empty, but one of them holds a pitiful few that none will bid for at any price. Here are aged graybeards and old women, with perhaps young fellows who have been crippled in the "powder play" or in tribal warfare.

The Koranic warning, "He who behaves ill to his slave will not enter Paradise," is little regarded, and aged slaves past work are thrown out into the streets to starve. With my own eyes I saw such men lying dying in the covered streets and bazaars of Marrakesh.

Whence come all the hapless creatures sold every year literally like cattle in this way? They have been raided from defenseless villages as far south as the Niger itself—a region perhaps seven months distant from the Sok-el-Abid of Marrakesh. For hundreds of years these Arabs have been slave raiders, and the penalty of six months' convict labor and a large fine does not appear to be a sufficient deterrent, for the profits are enormous and the raiding Arabs are never so happy as when they are fighting.

The smaller fry of raiders merely entire and kidnap children, while bigger men with influence journey down into Haussalan and stir up dissensions among tribes. The object of this is that in the ensuing fight a village may be the more easily raided. The slaves on their way north are viewed with far less consideration than cattle, for should many die from hunger, thirst or ill treatment other raids may be made on the journey. It is only when the caravan approaches the Atlas snows that some attention is given to the slaves, of whom it may be truly said that only the fittest survive and the rest leave their bones by the way with those of the fallen camel or mule.

THE WHITE BELL-MARE.

(Suggested by a picture by Frederic Remington).

Across the plains I see them sweep,
Against the ebbing light.
The pace they keep they still will keep
At silent noon of night:
A fleet foot rules the caravan,
And sets the pace for beast and man!

The bell-mare takes the dusty road,
No rowel pricks her side;
She knows no rein, she owns no goad,
Save in her mettled pride.
The steeds that follow need no scourge,
So well they feel her vanward urge!

For her, is neither lash nor check,
She keeps the pace she will!
A single bell about her neck,
Sounds sweet, when all is still—
When all is still and night is deep;
And they that ride, ride half asleep!

She sets the pace—that leader fleet;
The rest—they but pursue.
They have their fate from her swift feet,
Yet fate o'errules her, too;
For 'tis the pace—the pace—the pace
Controls her feet and snowy grace!

They vanish on the glimmering plain,
Beneath the western verge
And all our life is like that train,
That heeds a vanward urge:
We deem we travel as we will—
But 'tis the pace controls us still!

Edith M. Thomas in Everybody's.

A WOMAN RAISES COFFEE

"There are two varieties of coffee raised in Mexico. That which thrives best on the temperate tablelands is called by the natives arabica, and is much like mocha. It is easily affected by the weather and is neither as thrifty nor as prolific as the hot country variety, which resembles Java coffee.

"As my farm is in Vera Cruz it is this country coffee that I cultivate and know most about. It is best propagated by seed, which are planted in beds under cultivated trees," said a feminine coffee planter to a New York Sun representative.

"The coffee plant seldom blossoms before its third year. At that time its foliage is a vivid green, the blooms and subsequent berries growing along the stems in clusters. The blooms are more like jasmine blossoms than any flower here, and sweeter, more fragrant than the flower of the orange.

"The coffee berry is at first a glossy green, then brown, and finally a dark crimson. Picking, which must always be done by hand, is a slow and tedious process, as each berry must be picked separately and dropped into the bag or basket which the picker carries suspended around his neck. As a rule the coffee pickers in Mexico are peon women and children. The pay is 25 cents in Mexican money, which amounts to 12 cents in United States currency, for each basket or bag of 15 pounds.

"At present about the only problem that the coffee planter of Mexico has to face is that of labor. The Mexican peons are very much like the American negro, and while people from the southern states find them easy enough to get on with, those who have lived in the north, especially in New England, are harder to please.

"While the peon will only work when he feels like it, he requires that you treat him with the utmost consideration and dignity. They are the most independent people in the world, and are always suspicious of the gringos, as they call all white people. The peon may be without a place to lay his head and half-starving, but he will not work for a gringo he dislikes.

"Some of the largest coffee planters are solving this problem by importing Chinese coolies. The Celestial by reason of his energy, industry and eagerness to save money is about as satisfactory a servant as could be asked. Perfectly content to work year in and year out with never a day off or a holiday to celebrate, he is as cheap as the peon, and has no exalted ideas of his own dignity."

THE MODERN SPIRIT.

W. L. Alden, the noted novelist who has returned from London to Buffalo to pass the rest of his life at home, was talking to a reporter about the modern commercial spirit.

"Frankly," said the author of "Jimmy Brown," "a book that is like "Tom Sawyer," an American classic, "frankly, I abominate the modern commercial spirit. It makes men rich, but how it hardens their hearts.

"I once knew an old, old man, a bookkeeper. His back was bent, but his soul was upright. He had worked for the same firm—and the same salary—for forty years.

"Well, at the end of these forty years, my poor old friend said to his employer timidly:

"'Are you aware, sir, that today is the fortieth anniversary of my service with you?'

The employer took a square box, neatly wrapped in white paper, from his desk.

"'I know it, Mr. Quille,' he said, 'and I have prepared a little surprise for you. Pray accept this alarm clock, with my best wishes for your continued punctuality.'"

THE GYPSY TEA.

A gypsy tea is a charming variation of the ordinary picnic supper. The most important thing, really, is to find a spot to hold it in, which is new to the guests —some bit of woods or a ravine, or perhaps a stretch of beach, which they have never seen before. This arranged for, all invited can meet and then walk or drive to the place, or they can go in that fearful and wonderful vehicle, a haywagon, something really in character with the affair.

On arrival sticks must be found for a fire, and when it is laid, three strong, green pieces of wood are to be fastened above it to support the iron kettle for the tea. A substantial supper of salads, sandwiches, cold meats, deviled eggs and all sorts of good things will be appreciated by the hungry picnickers, and afterward the fire must be heaped up, and in the growing dusk all must sit around it and tell ghost stories, while a clever girl who has arranged matters in advance with her hostess can slip away and return unannounced in a gypsy dress to tell fortunes by the firelight—the crowning event of the occasion.—Harper's Bazar.

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

When Mrs. Hanson entered the photographer's studio, her small son held in a firm grasp, there was a look of determination on her face which showed it was no time for trifling. "Now, see here," she said, swinging the reluctant James Henry into prominence from the position he had selected behind her skirts, "this boy has got to have a picture taken to send to his grandfather that he's named for, and I expect you to do it."

"Certainly, madam," said the photographer blandly. "Now, what style—"

"I don't expect any style at all," announced the mother of James Henry, pulling him up from the floor to a half-kneeling attitude. "If you can just get his features into the camera, that's all I expect.

"There was a traveling tintype man came to our town last spring. He took two dozen of me for a breakfast and supper, and two dozen of father for his night's lodging, and three dozen of little Emma Jane for the next day's dinner. But after he'd one try at James Henry, he said that unless father had a good half-worn suit of clothes to let go, he couldn't undertake to secure a likeness of the boy and he'd rather be moving on."—Youth's Companion.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER XXIV.

Anson was never more impressed by the mystery presented by Durand's complex character than when they set out together for the monastery in the hills.

Where had he picked up that habit of secretiveness and assimilation, which led him through those tortuous streets and turnings as though he had been familiar with them all his life, while he carefully stooped now and again to haggle at some bazaar or stall for an article which he did not want and did not mean to have, as though his whole bent was to secure a bargain? There was nothing of the tourist about his manner or method, and not even the close scrutiny of an interested observer could have divined that he had any other object than bargain-hunting.

In this manner they soon reached the outskirts of the city. They were walking along one of the by-streets, Durand whistling softly as he went, and maintaining with consummate sang froid the most unconcerned demeanor, when suddenly he said to his companion, in a low commanding whisper, "Come!"

The next instant he dived down an alley, followed closely and not without some trepidation by Anson, and entered the low steaming atmosphere of an eating-place.

The room was almost empty. A couple of Italians were lounging at one of the tables, cutting hunches of bread into pieces, which they washed down with a cheap claret; while a Malay in another corner was greedily swallowing a dish of rice.

Durand did not remain here, but passed through into another and better room, which led on to a veranda overlooking a garden.

Calling for a couple of the dishes which figured on the bill of fare, he was soon engrossed in a newspaper. The position he had taken up, however, commanded a view of the corridor outside, and also of the garden.

When the attendant left the room he was quickly alert.

"Watch here for a moment," he whispered to Anson "and carefully note if any one passes, or if you can see anyone in the garden."

Then, with a hurried glance in the direction of the shop, he sprang nimbly across the corridor, and clambered noiselessly up the stairs.

He was not gone more than five minutes. When he returned there was a grim smile of satisfaction on his features.

"It is as I expected," he said; "we are watched after all, in spite of our precautions."

"Then what are we to do?" exclaimed Anson helplessly. "They will certainly inform those at the monastery."

"The best thing to do now is to eat," replied Durand calmly. "We shall have a long task before us, and it can't be done on empty stomachs."

The dishes and a bottle of wine were soon on the table, and Durand paid for them as soon as they were served. The meal, if unsatisfactory, was soon disposed of; and Anson, rising simultaneously with Durand, was making for the door.

"Not that way," said Durand quietly, "I reckoned on being watched, and I think we can trick them by going through the garden over that balcony, and out at the back. Once we have cut them off, we are as safe as possible, for I have designedly come in a false direction."

He climbed over the balcony nimbly, and dropped on the grass beneath. Anson, as quickly, if not quite so easily, followed his example.

"Now," whispered Durand, "we must run for it."

They skirted the shrubs which surrounded a sward in the center, and thus managed to keep out of view of the house. So far as they could judge, they had not been observed, and managed to reach the end of the garden. Here a high wooden palisade barred their progress; but with the aid of an old tool-house, built in lean-to fashion, they easily reached the top, whence they jumped down, and found themselves in the open country.

"We must look pretty lively," said Durand, "as I have come a long way out of the right road so as to hoodwink them. It will be a long detour for us before we can strike the right road."

It was getting along towards nightfall before the square walls of the monastery loomed before them, but Durand seemed incapable of fatigue. Anson was footsore and physically exhausted, but the example of his strange companion encouraged him to persevere at any cost.

As they approached nearer to the object of their search, Durand suggested that Anson should remain concealed in a clump of rhododendrons while he reconnoitered. It was with some thing of relief that Anson threw himself down in the stragetic shade, and watched the man he had previously distrusted—and distrusted, too, with such reason—worm himself, Indian fashion, nearer the frowning walls of the gloomy building, taking advantage of every cover afforded by shrub or rising mound.

Durand was soon lost to view, and Anson, feeling that he could neither help nor in any way control the issue of their adventure, contentedly stretched his weary limbs.

It was nearly an hour since Durand had gone, and Anson, by this time thoroughly rested, was now only anxious for Durand's return, a hundred possible reasons crowding in his mind, which might account for the delay. After all, might not the spies of the priests have been more cunning than they credited, and might they not have been under observation the whole time, with the result that Durand was possibly at this moment keeping Charters company in one of the fastnesses of the monastery? This alarming theory, however, Anson soon scouted for he rightly concluded that if Durand had fallen into the clutches of the priests he would not himself have been left unmolested.

His anxieties were brought to an end by a tap on the shoulder, which, it must be confessed, for the moment added to them by startling him. Turning, however, he was reassured by seeing Durand beside him. He had returned so noiselessly that he had not given warning of his presence by the slightest sound.

"I am fagged out," he whispered; "but we can safely rest awhile. They will not stir before nightfall."

"What have you discovered?" asked Anson, eagerly. "Have you seen him?"

"I have not seen him," said Durand, "but we know that he is there, and that the opals are there." By the emphasis he placed on the latter words, Anson knew that his heart was still with the treasure. "What I have discovered is where they must bring him out if they release him tonight, and I think they will. There are but three exits. I have been round the entire building. Two lead on to the river, and one winds along that valley below us. I have marked the spot from which, when the time comes, we must watch. I don't think they can dip an oar, or undo a chain without our knowledge. And now let me sleep for half an hour, not a moment longer; but if you see anything stirring wake me up at once."

He turned as he spoke, and resting his head on his bent arm against a slight moss-covered rising, he was, a moment later, fast asleep.

The spot Durand had selected, and which they reached in safety when the appointed time arrived, was on a rising ground which lay on the cliff between the postern gate of the monastery and the steep escarpment beneath, along which the swift eddies of the river went foaming and gurgling. To reach it they had to crawl along the ground, as the place was almost denuded of cover. Indeed, their only shelter, where they finally rested, consisted of some thin and wiry brushwood. It was, however, by this time the gray of the Ceylon evening and Durand did not fear detection.

It was fully an hour before anything stirred below them. The monastery might have been a tomb of the dead, for all the signs of life they could detect.

Then, suddenly, and almost noiselessly, the massive gates swung open and Charters, accompanied by two priests, passed through and the gate closed behind them.

There was no ceremony of any sort, and the three hurried along the winding path, which kept in the hollow of the hills.

"Come," said Durand, as the mists swallowed up the three. "This will be, after all, an easy job."

"What is your plan?" asked Anson, in a whisper.

"Let them get a sufficient distance from the monastery, and try to capture those fellows."

On and on through the darkness they went, Charters' footsteps sounding heavy and muffled on the turf, their only guide.

At length Durand signified that the time had come, and they drew within a few feet of their unsuspecting quarry.

"Now," said Durand, making a spring for the man he had marked out for himself.

"It's all right, Charters!" sung out Anson, imitating Durand's action.

Ina moment the two swarthy figures were on the ground and Durand had begun to wind a linen cord round his victim's arms.

Anson had not provided himself with anything to take the place of ropes, but Durand, in his cool, methodical way, had foreseen this, and provided for it. While Anson held his captive down, Durand, producing the necessary material, with the neatest skill completely trussed him.

"By Jove!" Charters said, fervently, while he watched the operation, "you fellows are clever!"

"How are you?" said Anson, rising and extending his hand, which Charters grasped warmly.

"Jolly glad to see you, Anson, my boy, and jolly glad these fellows have been laid by the heels; though I might have known you fellows wouldn't be far off. Where's my little girl, and is she all right?"

"Yes, Estelle is safe, and knows we are here. Doctor Durand, you . . ."

"We won't waste time on explanations, Mr. Charters," interrupted Durand coldly; "you may accept it that you can rely on me absolutely, until I see you safe out of Colombo with the opals."

"Well, that's no easy task to accomplish. You know these scoundrels have got them—I mean their fellow-ruffians in the monastery?"

"I know, but with the information you have got, can't we get them?"

"By Jove! you're a good-plucked one, Durand. Yes, we could get them. These fellows here belong to a clique who are trying to pull off all the credit of the haul to themselves; and the opals are hidden in a room overlooking the river."

"Which we can reach?"

Charters stood for a moment impressed with an idea which had struck him.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I can see how! These fellows slunk out by the gate, but I know they are returning by the river. I heard them arrange that . . ."

An involuntary groan from one of the recumbent figures was a confirmation of his statement.

"Then they must have the key of some other door," he continued.

"I know the door," said Durand.

"Evidently the confederate who let our party out," continued Charters, "will not be at the front gate, and that accounts for the change of plans. Now let us get that key."

But Durand was already searching for it, and a moment later held it up in triumph.

"In all probability only their confederate will be awaiting their return. If we overpower him I can lead you straight to the opals, perhaps without arousing the place."

"But what can we do with these fellows?" asked Anson. "We can't leave them here."

"Why not?" said Durand. "They can never undo those bandages. There is only one necessary precaution; we must gag them."

And even as he spoke one of the priests emitted a sound—half-shriek, half-whistle—which awoke the echoes, and might well have penetrated to the recesses of the monastery. It was only for a moment, and then Durand kicked him violently to dumbness. It was brutal in the extreme, but they were surrounded by dangers, and in such circumstances most men are callous.

CHAPTER XXV.

Durand deftly gagged the two helpless priests, speed being rather the characteristic of his operations than any manifest consideration for their feelings. But yet, neither of his companions, although they inwardly protested against his callousness, could bring themselves to utter an expression of this disagreement. They knew that their lives were in hazard during every stage of the adventure they were about to enter on; and they had no doubts that the priests they had rendered impotent to interfere with them would not have hesitated to murder them, or to take measures to encompass their murder, if such were the only sure means of frustrating their designs.

And so, while Durand put the finishing touches to his gagging operations, Anson and Charters silently prepared themselves for that instant return to the monastery, on which they were determined.

"We will of course see that they are released," suggested Charters, "when we have got the opals."

"Oh, yes," replied Durand. "I will send one of their spies in the town out to them at daybreak. They won't hurt here for a few hours, and they endure far greater discomfort than this, weeks at a time, voluntarily, so as to ensure themselves a good time in the next world. They'll rather enjoy this, as it is a little discomfort which has overtaken them in their zeal to present our opals to their tinpot gods. Don't worry about them."

They were some distance on their return journey to the monastery as they spoke, and the easy confidence of Durand was no small incitement to his companions in their determination to see the adventure through at all hazards.

It was a tedious journey in the purple darkness of the tropical night, over uneven ground, and through rasping grasses which caught the clothes and sometimes even penetrated to the flesh like barbed wire. Occasionally too a hiss, followed by a scurrying sound, indicated the unpleasant fact that they had stumbled across a reptile; and occasionally a covey of birds was startled and flew into the night with a hoarse, frightened croaking.

They could faintly distinguish large objects, but they had only instinct, and Durand's unerring sense of locality to guide them aright. But he never halted; on and on they sped, stumbling over hillocks, crushing through tangled and thorny brushwood, until at length they could hear the sound of a rushing stream making its way in foaming eddies over a rocky bottom.

"Now we are near," whispered Durand, "and we must be prepared to go right through without pause. These two fellows we have gagged will be expected back shortly, so that we must arrive about the time they are looked for. We had better make our plans quite clear. You say, Charters, the opals are in a room overlooking the river."

"Yes. It is octagonal, and I should think is in a turret."

"I think I know it," said Durand decisively. "There is but one window, and that is barred, is it not?"

"Yes; heavy iron bars too, so that there is no possibility of entering that way."

"I was wondering if it were possible to get out that way," replied Durand. "I don't think so. The bars seem very stout and firmly embedded in the stone."

"There is no chance of entering anyhow, as it is much too high above the river. But if we were attacked while in the room, and we could get out, it might be advisable. I know where these fellows have a boat moored, and it would certainly do much to baffle pursuit if we returned to the city along the other side. The river, too, is a good guide in this darkness. However, this is the plan we must follow. We shall first get the boat and moor it under the window, in case it might prove useful. Then we shall get to the postern door, of which we have the key, overpower the priest who is waiting there, gag him, endeavor to find the room where the opals are concealed, secure them, make our way back and get out by the door by which we entered. How are the jewels hidden?"

"They are still in the bag in which we had them, and they are hidden in a hollow of the pedestal on which a figure of Buddha is placed in a corner of the room."

"The figure lifts off."

"It lifts up. It fits socket-fashion into the pedestal."

"That's clear. If we are in any way disturbed, the one who is freest must make for the room and secure the opals, while the other two keep the priests engaged; then we must fight our way out. Now that is clear."

"Quite clear," said Charters.

"Perfectly," added Anson. "And remember, it must must be a fight right through, or a walkover. If we are tackled we must beat them, as it means death to desecrate their temple as we propose to do."

More plugging over uneven ground, more rasping rushes through grass and brushwood, but now with greater caution, and a studious avoidance of any unnecessary noise, and then Durand cried a halt on the edge of a rising ground, beyond which yawned an abyss of inky darkness unrelieved in any degree, which they knew was the bed of the river, for they could hear the faint ripple of water far below them.

"We must keep along here," whispered Durand, "but follow me very carefully, as the banks are steep. A little further along they descend, and we shall be able to reach the water and the boat."

Charters laid hold of the lapel of Durand's coat by his direction, and Anson followed Charters in the same Indian file manner. The safety of the party depended on Durand, but with his keen perceptions, there was little fear of anything going amiss.

Soon the ground began to decline perceptibly, and after a while precipitously so, necessitating steps taken sideways to secure surer foothold. At length they reached a low-lying shed, scooped to some extent out of the side of the banks. Out of this Durand speedily piloted a flat-bottomed boat, into which, having led the way himself, he bade his companions enter.

The current was very strong, and it needed no small exertion to propel the boat against it; but Durand and Anson with their united efforts managed this successfully. When they had passed the first outline of the gloomy monastery, Durand was obliged to gauge the position of the turret in which were hidden the opals. He chose a spot where a projection of rock diverted the current into the middle of the stream, and in the tiny harbor thus formed he securely fastened the boat.

"But how are we to get back?" whispered Charters.

"There is but one way," returned Durand in the same low voice, "we must wade. The stream at the side is not deep."

Suiting the action to the word, he slipped over the side of the boat, and the others silently followed his example.

They stood for a few minutes when they once more ascended the banks of the stream, so as to allow the water to drip from their clothing.

"Now," whispered Durand, "follow me, but do not enter unless I give you a signal. It will be a very low whistle. I may, however, come back."

The door towards which they made was on the edge of the river bank, and fortunately, in that very portion of the monastery in which they were interested.

The three crept noiselessly along by the gloomy stone wall, and when at length the door was reached, Durand pausing only for a moment to listen, slipped the key into the lock.

The door swung noiselessly open, and he entered.

The next moment, and the two outside heard a low gurgling noise, followed by a thud, as of a body falling, and then a faint low whistle sounded.

Durand had given the signal, and Charters and Anson entered.

CHAPTER XXVI.

All was pitch darkness inside, but within a few paces of the door Anson stumbled against a writhing mass on the floor.

"Is that you, Durand?" he said, stooping down, his outstretched hand encountering a hot liquid, which he knew was blood.

"Yes," returned Durand, in a guarded whisper. "You must bind and gag this fellow. He has cut my arm almost through. Hurry, or I shall choke him. I daren't let him call out. Charters, put that door to, but don't lock it."

Anson was clumsy in his manipulation of the bandages with which Durand was plentifully provided. His method was however effective, and the unfortunate priest was soon as helpless as the two who were left to cool their heels outside. Indeed, his case was more desperate, as Durand, partially disabled, had well-nigh throttled him to prevent his crying out.

Anson having completed his task, inquired of Durand the extent of his wound. Durand replied that he had been able to staunch the bleeding to some extent, and that he would get through all right—a reply which led Anson to apprehend that it was of a serious character. However, nothing could be done in the darkness to better their plight, and he could only trust to Durand's indomitable pluck coming to his rescue.

Once more they resorted to the Indian file fashion, Durand again leading. In this manner they threaded a long stone-paved courtyard, which was plunged into utter darkness. This led them at length to an octagonal courtyard open to the sky, the extent of which they could dimly observe owing to the faint glow from dimly-lighted windows on the left side.

It was surrounded by a balustrade, and on the right they could see a flight of stone steps leading to the interior.

"Those steps," whispered Charters, "lead to the room."

"I thought so," replied Durand, with keen satisfaction. "Can you rely on your revolvers?"

"I haven't got one," said Charters.

"Then take this," and Durand placed a "colt" in his hand. "I have two others, and remember, if the need arise, we must use them. Do not waste a shot."

After this whispered consultation they stole round the space inside the balustrade. They were within a few paces of the wide stairway, when suddenly a loud clanging bell broke the stillness of the night. Almost immediately, in different directions, other bells joined in the clangour.

"It is the alarm," said Durand. "Come!"

Without further thought of caution, the three made for the stairway. As they did so half a dozen priests with flaming torches came running along various corridors into the courtyard. One of them spied the intruders as they

MEMORIES OF A WAR

What Happened When a Bugle Call Broke Up a Barber Shop.

"I picked up a magazine th' other day," said the weary pilgrim, "an' I see a picture of a bunch of George Washington's soldiers. They were ragged an' some starved lookin' but their faces was all as smooth as th' bottom of a soup plate. Yes, sir, they'd all hed ther faces fresh laundered afore they started to destroy th' base oppressor.

"It made me laugh.

I was a-thinkin' thet they must hev been more particular about appearances than th' bunch of martial heroes I belonged to was.

"My regiment in the Spanish war was made up mostly of city fellers that either hed good jobs or good dads an' at home they was heavy swells an' wouldn't no more think of goin' out of doors with a two days' growth of lilacs than they'd her gone

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root,** the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

reached the stairs, and with a yell of hatred made for them.

Durand turned as he approached, and bringing the but end of his revolver crashing down on his head, sent him reeling, an insensible mass, to the ground. The others came on without an instant's pause, their comrade's discomfiture being either unnoticed, or else not sufficient token of danger to cow them.

Anson dashed his clenched fist English-fashion into the face of the nearest, and sent him sprawling; while Durand—who, almost covered with blood, looked fiendish in the garish light of the torches—disposed of another in the effectual manner he had previously adopted.

But now, on the landing of the stairs above them some four or five priests appeared and were barring their way; while in the courtyard below, brief as the period had been, a mass of torches indicated that the strength of the priesthood had gathered there.

"Up! up!" shouted Durand, and he bounded up the stairs, followed by Anson and Charters.

Durand was practically reduced to the use of one arm, but he had the fearless courage which makes light of odds. Hurling himself against the foremost, he sent him hustling amongst companions, and recovering himself instantly dealt another one of his sledgehammer blows with his revolver, which effectually disposed of him.

It was quick work, for it was done before Anson and Charters joining him, formed a solid wedge, which scattered the priests right and left.

Without a pause the three bounded up the stairs, closely followed by a horde of priests who had rushed up the stairs from the courtyard.

"This is it," shouted Charters, pushing open an iron-studded oaken door. But before they could get in the priests were on them.

The lights of the torches were now reflected from the unsheathed knives, and Durand, without hesitation, disposed of his nearest with his revolver.

The sudden and probably unexpected attack drove them back for an instant, as the foremost priests fell groaning to the floor.

The three availed themselves of the respite to rush into the room, Anson, with great presence of mind, using his huge strength to push a heavy oaken cupboard, which stood along the wall, against the door.

"Pile everything you can against it," said Durand, his voice thick and husky.

Anson and Charters obeyed the injunction—it was, indeed, the most natural resource in any case—and soon the barricade they had erected formed a formidable defense, sorely needed, too, as the infuriated cries of the priests outside left them little doubt that they need expect no quarter.

"Durand! Durand!" said Anson. "Where are you?"

A groan was the only answer, and Anson, searching in the darkness of the room, found the man who had proved such a curious mixture of friend and foe, lying in agony on the floor.

"I am done for," groaned Durand; "the loss of blood in any case—my arm—but they reached me before I fired. Doubly done for. I have matches. Light—sure—to find—candles. Buddha—"

Anson felt in the pocket Durand painfully indicated, and finding some matches struck one. He could see at a glance that Durand was really in extremis. Handing the matches to Charters, he held up the mysterious doctor's head, Durand smiled gratefully at the kindly attention.

Charters lit one of the candles which stood on the altar-like table in front of the black, impassive statue of the Buddha.

"Don't waste time on me," said Durand painfully. "They are up to some devilment," indicating the priests, among whom an ominous silence for the moment reigned. "Get the opals—remove the bars—only way—and reach the boat. Make a rope somehow and get down. Get the opals."

There was something imperious in the tone of the command, and Charters, lifting the Buddha off the pedestal, drew out the bag with the fatal gems.

"Let me—see them—once more."

Anson emotioned to Charters to undo the fastenings. Charters tugged at the strings, and as he did so a thundering attack on the door was an alarming evidence that the priests had now entered on the attack, and meant to batter down their defense.

"Quick!" shouted Durand, with a strength of lung which threw him back exhausted in Anson's arms the next moment.

Charters opened the bag and brought it with the gems exposed to Durand's side.

He looked up faintly, and as Anson turned him gently on his side so that he might see them, he smiled faintly. Then feebly he assayed to lift his hand towards them. Charters divined his wish, and lifting the almost powerless arm, let Durand's hand rest among the jewels for which he had sinned, striven and fought.

A glow of triumph overspread his features.

"Mine! mine!" he murmured, and as the hand dug into the gems spasmodically, he fell back dead.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Great was the danger with which they were threatened, the awesomeness of Durand's death made them pause for a moment; Charters bending solemnly over the dead body, Anson holding it reverently in his arms, while the flickering light of the candle lit up the prismatic hues of the gems.

Then Anson laid the body down and folded the arms over the breast.

The barricade against the door held it well in its place, so that it would stand even the violent assault which was directed against it for some time. A cursory examination, however, revealed yet another mode of increasing their defense. There stood iron bolts on pivots hung at intervals along the jamb. These Anson, without much difficulty, was enabled to swing over into their several sockets, so that it was necessary for the attacking party to break through the massive door to enter the room—they could no longer force it in.

Charters had already turned his attention to the barred windows, and with the handy turn of the seaman had soon gauged the possibility of escape in that direction. His look when Anson joined him proved that it was by no means hopeless. The bars had been fitted to prevent ingress, but they were comparatively easy to remove from the inside. In fact they were all keyed by one massive nut, which held the center bar in its place, and it required but something capable of loosening that to remove the entire barricade. This necessary implement Charters found in one of the iron portions of the structure which had been supporting the Buddha.

While he was working with a will on the bars, Anson was diligently reducing such drapery as he could find in the room—and fortunately the portion allotted to Buddha was profusely curtained—into strips, which he tied end to end so as to construct a rope. They had each completed their task about the same time.

"At last!" said Charters, turning round, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "we can get through."

"And with this," said Anson, triumphantly, "we can-get down."

"There is just one thing," said Charters, looking down glumly at the dead body of Durand. "He has been a strange fellow, but he had his good qualities, and he is, when all is said and done, an Englishman."

"I know how you feel," said Anson, puzzled. "It seems hard to leave him, but what can we do? And we can't delay here," he added, looking round towards the door, against which the incessant cannonade was at last beginning to tell, as an ominous creaking indicated that it was giving way.

"I know what I'll do," said Charters. "Take out half-a-dozen of those opals. Not the best, but good ones."

Anson carried out the suggestion, and as he did so Charters scribbled a note. This he laid with the opals on Durand's breast, after removing the body to a corner of the room furthest from the door, and placing four lighted candles on the floor by the head.

On the note Charters had written:

"Respect this body of an Englishman, and his friends will pay a ransom you will prize."

Charters and Anson then silently clasped the dead man's hand, and ten minutes later they had gained the boat with their prize.

It was well in the morning when they reached Colombo, and surprised Estelle not alone by returning safe and sound, but by placing in her lap the bag of opals. Needless to say, they deemed it advisable to conceal from her, for the time being, the many risks they had run to recover them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Anson and Charters could both have found considerable refreshment in sleep, but they determined not to seek rest until the gems were safely lodged in the bank.

The chance that the S. S. Europa had put in that morning altered their plans.

"There lies our safety, my boy," said Charters gally. "Captain Eyrecourt of the Europa is an intimate friend of mine, and he will see us through. We'll just pop the opals in a handbag, take them down to his ship, get him to put them away in his strong room, and then not all the priests in Ceylon will be able to reach them."

Anson agreed that the proposal was the best they could hit on, and after breakfast they acted on it. Whether the priests had by this time discovered the escape of their prey, and knew of or suspected the loss of the much-coveted treasure, they had no means of knowing. At any rate, they reached the Europa, and were at once ushered into the captain's presence without any untoward incident. Captain Eyrecourt greeted Charters warmly; it was quite evident that a sincere friendship subsisted between the two men.

"You said you wanted me to help you, Charters," said the captain, after the first few minutes of general conversation. "What can I do for you?"

"I only want you to stow away a fortune in your strong room. Colombo is not a safe place to carry it about."

Captain Eyrecourt laughed. Charleytters, among his friends was generally understood to be down on his luck, and he regarded the statement as merely a devil-may-care joke. But when Charters opened the bag the captain opened his eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there's no gammon about that."

When the gems were safely stowed away, he uttered many more expressions of wonderment while listening to Charters' narative.

"Why it sounds almost like a story of adventure."

"But, captain," said Anson, smiling, "nearly all the good stories remain unwritten."

"And now," said Charters, "the matters I should like cleared up are about those gagged priests and poor Durand. I don't want the priests to starve to death, and I should like to save Durand's body from desecration. Can you help me?"

"Of course I can," replied the captain without hesitation. "I'll send a dozen of my men armed, and will go to the monastery, see if the priests have returned, and demand Durand's body. I'll thundering soon see that little matter all right, if they haven't forestalled us."

But Charters suggested a more peaceable course. He accepted the offer of the armed escort, but suggested ransoming Durand's body by the offer of a dozen choice opals to the priests.

"Do that as you like; but I can't see that they have any right to them."

"No, they have no right; but they have suffered much to obtain them."

"Well, thieves should suffer." However, it was arranged in accordance with Charters' suggestion, and within an hour the party set out, bearing an ambulance on which it was hoped they might bear Durand back to his last home.

The monastery loomed up grey and grim against the golden rays of the early sun as they approached the massive gate. There was neither sight nor sound of life; everything was in striking contrast to the fierce scenes enacted therein but a few hours before.

Charters tugged at the iron bell-rope beside the gate, and the clangour of one of the bells which had sounded with such dire import for them when last they heard it, once more broke out over the silent valley.

A little grating was instantly revealed and a pale ascetic face peered through from within. "We wish to speak with your principal, or chief priest. We have come to ransom the body of the Englishman who lies dead within. Tell him that our ransom is a gift of choice opals."

The grating was closed. They waited some twenty minutes before further sign reached them from the inside, and then the sound of bars being withdrawn was heard and of massive bolts being shot back. Then the gates swung open, and the chief priest of the monastery stood within, a number of monks being massed behind him in ceremonial fashion.

"We have come to ask you for the body of the Englishman who met his death here last night," said Charters. "There is much that might be said, but I am prepared to let the tale close in silence; and will offer you these precious opals if you hand us the body of my friend."

Charters displayed the opals as he spoke.

The priest advanced and gazed at them eagerly.

"I consent," he replied, calmly, "the body shall be delivered to you."

"It has been, I trust, respected.

"Why should the sahib suspect otherwise?"

"Well, things were not quite calm here last night. Some of your priests were injured?"

"Three are dead."

"I feared you might resent that."

"Our brothers have but passed to perfection."

"Then two of your priests were—well, we left them some distance from here. Have they returned?"

The priest smiled.

"It was our brother gave the alarm." We have no resentment for their suffering. They will be rewarded. It was for the altar of our gods."

"Then you will hand us the body and take those gems."

"We will hand the sahib the body. If the sahib present the gems we will be grateful.

"You can certainly have the gems."

The priest made a sign, and almost immediately four of the monks brought from a room near the gate a stretcher covered with a pure white cloth embroidered in gold.

Charters removed the cloth from the face. It was Durand, calm, strong, confident, smiling in death.

He handed over the opals. The ceremony was ended and the party returned to Colombo.

The stranger who now visits the English cemetery in that churchyard will find a tomb inscribed—

CHARLES DURAND,
OF
LONDON.
After Life's Fitful Fever.

Estelle heard the full story of the adventure in the monastery on the homeward journey to England. Her decision taken on the spot, never to wear one of the gems, was, perhaps, only natural. In her married life she did not want anything to remind her of the dangers incurred to recover them which might have left her without father or husband, had they not succeeded in effecting their escape.

The opals, which were admittedly among the best ever submitted to English jewellers, fetched a large price; and transmuted in this fashion enabled the story of their lives to be continued amid scenes of peace, of happiness and of love.

FINIS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

A STATESMAN'S FAREWELL.

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 15 Is, "Moses Pleading with Israel," Deut. 6:1-15.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The solicitude of a patriot for his people's welfare is one of the finest things in life. The lofty, disinterested zeal that a nation may come to its best inheritance is the mark of the highest type of patriot. Washington's Farewell Address may be instanced as a type of this. A still better type is afforded in the ancient Scripture which is the basis of the present Sunday school lesson study, wherein the heroic, majestic figure of Moses is represented on the heights of Pisgah, viewing the promised land which his feet will never tread, and delivering the pent-up burden of his soul to the people for whom he had sacrificed, toiled and suffered.

If the wisest man in Christendom today were called upon to deliver as his final utterance a message to his nation, he would probably repeat the substance of this appeal by Moses. There would be no talk of tariff or railroads or party politics; in such a contingency the truly great man would deal with the vital fundamentals. For this we have the evidence of the statesmen, poets and reformers of the past, whose ultimate deliverance is spiritual. The truest help that it is possible to render humanity is in the realm of morals.

What Is the "Burning Issue"?

A presidential election is drawing on in the United States, and already the clamor of contending forces over made-for-the-occasion issues is being heard. Of course, there are grave questions of public policy to be discussed. But is any one of these the true "burning issue," the "vital question?" Some persons say that there is too much power being concentrated in the federal government, and others say there is not enough. One crowd contends that too great power resides in the people and others too little. On one hand, capital is blamed; and on the other, labor. For each of these contentions there is doubtless justification.

Clearer than any of these claims, and so clear that it is beyond dispute by anybody, is the truth that the day's need that is above every other need is a more general loyalty to God and to his laws, which antedate and take precedence of congresses, parliaments and legislatures. This is the need not only of America, but of the whole world as well. Pathological social conditions will never be remedied until this cure is applied.

A ringing call to return to the simple law of God is the campaign cry that should resound throughout Christendom, even as Moses sounded it from Pisgah. The terrible tendency to isolate religion from practical affairs should be faced and overcome. The world must be made to perceive that religion is not one thing and politics another, religion one thing and business another, religion one thing and education another, religion one thing and social life another; but that underlying all human interests, and interpenetrating them all, should run loyalty to the beneficient and comprehensive law of Jehovah.

How to get men right with God—that is the greatest issue of the hour.

The Disease of Our Day.

All the jarring and bumping and shrieking and limping of our social machinery is due, primarily, to one fact: they are out of gear with the divine plan. The times are eccentric because they have not Jehovah as their center. The frivolity, sensuality and sordidness of our day would vanish almost overnight if men and women could out be brought face to face with their obligations to Jehovah. A deeper seriousness, a broader tolerance and sympathy, a higher idealism and a softened humanism would be immediate consequences of a national return to God. Let him once have his true place at the center of the will and purpose and all of life would swing in orderly and harmonious orbit about him. The prescription that was good for old Israel is still good and opportune for modern America and Canada and Great Britain.

Persons who think in world terms are perfectly aware that the great nations of the world today are the Christian nations. Even a feeble, faltering and faithless following of God has wrought this significant result. Obviously, more greatness, and truer, must come along the same old lines. These great nations are by no means the oldest. The oldest nation, China, is today regarded as one of the feeblest. Her plain need, as every observer reports, is for a new moral purpose, a spiritual stamina, an ethical ideal, such as Christianity affords. Let China become Christian and she will in two centuries dominate the world. God is universally the first and greatest factor in success.

Many Gods and One.

From the minaret of every mosque in Mohammedanism is heard the daily cry, "There is no God but God." Similar is the older cry of Moses, "Jehovah our God is one Jehovah." Civilization today is monotheistic; but that slogan was raised amid a surrounding polytheism. Other nations had many gods; Israel's peculiar glory lay in the truth that it had only one God. Slowly, through the long centuries, the world is coming round to monotheism. The multitudes of gods are ceasing to be objects of reverence, and becoming mere curiosities. I have in my home a shelf full of assorted idols, some of them begrimed by the incense of centuries of worship. They are now merely a traveler's trophies.

In another sense, it must be admitted, this is a day of many gods—gods of this present world, gods of conventionality, gods of self-interest. That is why the wrinkles of unrest have crept into most of the faces that one meets on the highways. Many gods mean perplexity, care, harassment; one God means serenity and confidence. The best recipe for a life of poise, peace and power is found in the words uttered by Moses, the wise man, and re-emphasized by Jesus, the Great Teacher: "Thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." In that consuming passion will be burnt up all the petty interests, carking cares and miserable trivialities which are the blight of so many lives.

In a solemn crsis, such as Moses felt his farewell address to be, it is noticeable that only the essential verities of religion stand forth. The oneness and supremacy of God; His not-to-be-forgotten goodness and His right to supreme loyalty—these were the truths driven home in the great leader's final message. Sometimes the refinements, definitions and minutiae of religion obscure its vital essentials. There are times when it is enough to remember and cling to the great verity of one God.

Strengthening the Foundations.

In the United States and Canada there exist at least two great associations designed primarily to promote the moral and religious education of the young. A still greater is the International Sunday School association. These point to the truth which Moses indicated, that it is gravely important that a nation's best heritage be imparted to its youth. He urged that his precepts be taught diligently to the children, and made the theme of household and wayside conversation. In all this he was at one with modern pedagogy, which just now is laying sharpest stress upon the moral and religious education of the young. If national greatness is to be maintained, the Bible must have its old place at the foundation of character. Thus it is evident that whoever, in any way, is assisting in the religious education of the young is powerfully serving his country, his generation and his God.

Moses was afraid—and with reason—that Israel would forget God when it came to an estate of prosperity. He first uttered the truth which Kipling has wrought into a refrain for a later nation, "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Terse comments upon the Uniform
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
A humble and a contrite heart—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

News and Notes.

Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose "new theology" has created such a stir in England, has been asked by the Socialist party to stand as one of its candidates for parliament.

Exeter Hall, London, famous as the scene of many great religious meetings, has been sold and dismantled, and will become a restaurant.

The new president of the Baptist Young People's Union of America is Rev. Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

A minimum salary of nine hundred dollars, with a free manse, has been fixed for all of its ministers by the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Canada.

The semi-centennial of the celebrated Fulton street noon prayer-meeting, New York, will be observed October 13-20. The prayer-meeting is not connected with any church, and is designed primarily for business men. It has continued uninterruptedly every day for fifty years at 113 Fulton street.

The end of public subsidies for religion in Geneva, Switzerland, remarks the Congregationalist, is an interesting triumph of the secular spirit in one of the strongholds of religious privilege. State support has been continued since the time of Calvin, when Geneva for a time was more nearly a theocracy than any town in the world. The change came through a combination of Roman Catholics, Socialists, Redicals and Freethinkers.

The president-elect of Williams College is a Presbyterian elder, Harry G. Garfield. This election of a layman to this famous position, in succession to a line of Congregationalist ministers, is one of many signs of the entrance of the laity upon work once regarded as peculiarly the province of the clergy.

Led by an ex-member of the Japanese parliament and Mr. J. Ishii, the head of the great Okayama Orphanage, an evangelizing society of some eighty men and women has been organized in Japan. The members study the Bible together for an hour each morning, except Saturdays and Sundays, and spend as much of the rest of the day as possible to teaching inquirers concerning the Christian way. It aims to enlarge to national importance and then to undertake work for the Far East.

Survival of Magic in Medicine.

Charms, medals impregnated with virtue by ecclesiastical benediction and so-called electric and galvanic belts, pads, rings, brushes, and other appliances are sold by thousands, and patent panaceas, compounded of drugs brought from strange lands or discovered in some unusual way, are bought and used by millions of credulous and afflicted persons in all parts of the world.

In view of these facts it is not remarkable that one occasionally finds in the United States, as well as in secluded nooks of the Old World, regions in which superstitious medical practices, handed down from father to son for no one knows how many hundreds of years, not only survive, but also show an astonishing degree of vitality. Such a region, writes Dr. John Hawkins, in the Popular Science Monthly, occurs in the central part of South Carolina.

If the practice of the Carolina "users" of the present day could be witnessed by Egyptian physicians of four thousand years ago, by Druid priests from the Gaul described by Caesar, and by American Indian medicine men from the time of Columbus, it would appear to all of them a perfectly natural and philosophical method of treatment, however unintelligible the language of the formulas might be.

A CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT

Mrs. J. Kay, Box J 624, Chicago, Ill., still sends out her inexpensive and harmless remedy for the tobacco habit, which cured her husband and hundreds of others. Prescription and directions sent free for a stamp to pay postage.

The World Drying Up.

We are to die of thirst. Comparatively few persons know the sufferings involved in a thirst for which there is no help at hand. The consuming thirst, more than the pain of any wound, makes the battlefield a hell. Yet death by thirst is the doom forecast for the race by grim scientists. Geologists find that the fresh water supply of the globe is failing. They have data which point to the gradual withdrawal of the streams and other bodies of water from the surface. Both in Africa and central Asia, and, indeed, in all the great levels, the water beds are drying up. A great number of lakes, well known in the historical age, have entirely disappeared. For example, Lake Chiroua, in Africa, has vanished within the past twenty years, as has also Lake Ngamj, discovered by Livingstone. Lake Tchad is more than half dried up. For centuries bodies of water in central Asia have been evaporating and the deserts extending. Where 2,000 years ago great cities stood in East Turkestan, there are found only vast and depressing stretches of sand. The River Tarim, once a principal Asiatic route, is almost gone, and Lob-Nor, formerly four times the area of Lake Geneva, is now but a shallow marsh. The same sad conditions are noted in European Russia. Novgorod, the most pushing city in the czar's distracted realm, was surrounded by water in the middle ages. While we may be sure that the fate which the geologists suggest for humanity is very far away, the facts recited to show the drying-up process are convincing proofs of the need of preserving our forests with more care.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE THIRD THAMES BRIDGE

Blackfriar's Bridge, now being incased with the preliminary staging for its widening, is not the original bridge erected there in 1769. That was christened Pitt Bridge, and a half-penny toll was charged for pedestrians on week days, and a penny on Sunday. It was the third bridge across the Thames, and it would probably be standing now but for the undermining of its foundations by the rebuilding of London Bridge in 1831. Old London Bridge, with its twenty narrow arches, acted almost as a dam across the Thames, and Rennie's new bridge, with only five arches, so increased the scour of the tides that Blackfriars Bridge was rendered unsafe, pulled down, rebuilt and opened in 1869. In the same way Westminster Bridge had to be demolished in 1846, after a vain endeavor to strengthen it against the altered river flow caused by the new London Bridge. Though Westminster Bridge was the "point d'appui" of Wordsworth's matchless sonnet, Blackfriars is the more practically interesting, for it was the riots against its halfpenny and penny tolls in 1780 that led the government to purchase the river bridges and throw them open to the public toll free.—London Chronicle.

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody tell me the best time to set out asparagus roots, and how deep to plant them? I would also like to know how to prepare bacon. The same as we buy at the market.—B, River Park, S. Bend, Ind.

Will some one kindly give me a recipe for a remedy for asthma?—M., Mill Creek, W. Va.

I would like to have a recipe for putting up sour cucumber pickles, such as we see in barrels and kegs at the grocery.—T., New England, O.

I would be pleased to have somebody tell me how to make mixed pickles; also how to make vinegar out of cider. —C., Spencer, Ind.

To Can Grapes.

A., Dickinson Center, N. Y.: Squeeze the pulp out of each grape and put pulp and skin in separate dishes. Stew the pulp till soft and put them through a colander to remove the seeds. Put pulp and skins together and cook till the skins are tender. Then can as usual.—Mrs. G., Arkport, N. Y.

Caked Udder.

C., Jonesville, Mich.: The hardness of the bag at the time a cow comes in is one thing, with a calf two months old it is another. The first is not commonly serious; to milk twice a day and allow the calf to run with her for a few days is mostly sufficient, though I have heard of bad cases in my time. But if a calf a month or more old does not take all the milk as it accumulates from any cause and the udder becomes firmly caked, nothing can be done but to allow the swelling to break and run. A veterinarian might lance it, but I never saw it done. Had a case of my own once. Supposing her month-old calf was taking all her milk, I paid no attention till her bag was caked. She almost died, and when she finally got over it she was ruined as a milch cow. Since then I do not suppose. I know for certain. Strip out the milk (if any) every day and then there is no trouble.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Paint Brush.

The orange hawkweed, or paint brush, cannot, or at least will not, be exterminated; it is here to stay. But it is not a bad weed in its native Scotland; a few plants here and there along the woodsides are all there is. Like many other exotic weeds, it is probably more aggressive when first introduced than afterward. The Canada thistle, here with me, has declined from a universal pest to almost nothing; the bull thistle, also. The sticklight, once common, is scarce; where there is now one milkweed there was once one hundred or more. The milkweed is a native, but doesn't grow in the woods much, so the clearing of the land gave it the same opportunity. Even the immortal white daisy is tiring out here. Fifty years ago, our waterweed, a little submerged plant, found here and there in still water, somehow got planted in England and spread everywhere, impairing the navigation of canals, spoiling ornamental ponds, damming up mill races, etc., but after a while it began to diminish. And so it goes, the prevailing weeds fall somewhat and give place to others—to be retired in their turn. And I see, or think I see, that this process has already begun with the paint brush. It was unlucky to let it get a hold here, but there is no use in talking about it. It will soon find its place and simmer down to a reasonable rate of propagation, and you are not to suppose that your fields will presently grow nothing else, just because it is gaining fast now. Meanwhile, attack it with manures and good culture and make the grass thick and deep. It spreads worst on thin soil, where not much else grows.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Grapevine Catarrh Cure.

"I've heard people all over the country talk of suffering from catarrh," said A. T. Raines, of Mobile, at the Utopia. "An old farmer living in Northern Alabama once told me that to smoke the old-fashioned grapevine once or twice a day and blow the smoke through my nostrils would cure the worst case of catarrh on record. One day I was traveling through a section of the country where there was grapevine in abundance. Leaving my wagon, I gathered quite a lot of it. I smoked some that day, some the next, and kept it up for several weeks. I found that the old farmer had spoken the truth. It cured me of catarrh, and I've never been bothered with it since."

Alfalfa and Cattle.

In a late bulletin giving the results of feeding cattle on alfalfa, the New Mexico station says: Alfalfa has been recognized for some time as one of the best all around feeds for cattle, on account of its richness in digestible nutrients and especially its high content of nitrogenous material. The nitrogen as albuminoids in a feed is the most essential ingredient used by the animal; it is the source of most of the energy necessary to produce the daily work of the body, it builds up the muscles and flesh and finally if in excess of amount necessary to these different functions it becomes a fat producer. It is thus readily seen that alfalfa is valuable mostly for its high content of albuminoid nitrogen.

Telephones in Forests.

It is entirely probable that the forests of the far Northwest will soon be equipped with a first-class telephone service. These instruments were introduced some time ago for the use of the supervisors and rangers engaged in the forestry work, and this method of communciation assuredly was the means of increasing the sphere of usefulness of the officials, especially in the matter of fire fighting, where it was possible to get an efficient force together for the purpose with the least possible loss of time and before the flames had made any great headway. These lines are easily constructed, for the reason that the means are already at hand for the stringing of the wires. As a rule, standing trees are made use of in the capacity of poles. Contracts have been made for 3,000 miles of wire and other necessary in the forests between Salt mainly in the forests between Salt Lake and Denver, and this will proceed at the earliest posible moment.

Lima Beans as a Special Crop.

Lima beans are very profitable, if picked green and sold in the general market, or by commission merchants. They are then sold in the hulls, though some shell them. They require considerable labor, as the daily picking and shelling are items of heavy expense, while the cost of poles and cultivation adds largely to the outlay. There are "poleless," or dwarf varieties.

If sold dry they are flailed, the yield being 15 to 30 bushels per acre, according to the variety and fertility of the soil. They are greatly reduced in yield should dry weather occur. The most profit is made by selling them in the green condition. Under favorable conditions as much as $200 per acre can be cleared, but $100 is above the average for an acre of green beans.

Potash fertilizers are preferred. A mixture of 150 pounds of nitrate of soda, 200 pound of acidulated phosphate rock and 350 pounds of sulphate of potash per acre would be a proper application on many soils.

Growing Pumpkins for Swine.

The great service that pumpkins may be made to render when swine are grown is not as well understood as it ought to be. Formerly nearly all the pumpkins grown were such as grew amid the corn. This plan of growing them has many things to commend it, but now that much of the corn is cut with the corn harvester the presence of pumpkins interferes more or less with this work.

Mr. E. L. Ellingson, of Minneapolis, grows an acre or two every year. He plants them twice as far apart as corn, and in squares. They are given very careful cultivation until the running of the vines prevents this. It is important that weeds shall be kept well in hand, otherwise, after the cultivation ceases, the field may become very unsightly with weeds.

The greatest value obtained from pumpkins fed to swine along with corn arises from the corrective influences which they exercise on the digestion. They have a cooling influence on the system. When thus fed it has been observed, first, that the swine are less subject to ailments and, second, that should a fatal epidemic, as cholera, come, it will be much less virulent than it would otherwise be.

The mode of feeding is very simple. The pumpkins are simply thrown on hard ground or on a floor and broken open. It is not necessary to cook them. It is not necessary to feed them heavily to swine that are being fattened, but to store swine or brood sows that may be fed with much freedom.

Dry Weather Farming.

In Bulletin 156 of the Ontario department of agriculture, Prof. Day, of that institution, mentions some very instructive experiments in dry weather cultivation. These confirm the well-nigh universal experiences and observations on this subject. It will be noted that a test of one week's neglect in this instance robbed the soil of two inches of water in times of dry weather in the case of a corn crop. Here are Prof. Day's experiencest

"If there are two plots of soil side by side, and one is cultivated and the other is not, the evaporation from the cultivated one is much greater for a day or so than from the other, but this evaporation takes place largely from the loosened portion, and hence in a very short time, provided no rain falls, this layer becomes dry and acts as a blanket to protect the soil below, diminishing the evaporation in one test we made by 62.5 per cent. Hence it is a matter of vital importance that the soil should be cultivated at the earliest possible moment. A day of one week is in this operation after the soil is fit will rob the soil of from one to two inches of water, an amount sufficient to tide the crop over the critical period of a drouth. Deep cultivation is not advisable, for all of the loosened portion dries out in time of dry weather, and since the deep blanket is little if any more effective than the thinner one, the extra loss from the thicker blanket itself is not atoned for by greater saving of water in lower layers, and is therefore a net loss to the plant."

NOVEL RAILROAD SCHEME.

Turkey is going to build a railway on postage stamps. Wideawake philatelists will provide the sleepers—and the rails. The scheme says nothing of the ballast.

The Turkish government will dispose during next month of a collection of government stamps numbering 17,000,000. The collection contains specimens of current stamps of the realm, and also specimens which are valuable from a collector's point of view. There are also a number of eastern Roumelian stamps.

The sale will be by tender. Each Turkish embassy and legation is supplied with albums containing specimens of the stamps and also copies of the conditions of sale.

The proceeds of the sale will form a nucleus for the building fund of the new railway to be constructed between Damascus and Beirut.—London Express.

PATCHES

Why Brown Ones Come on Faces.

When a woman can get rid of brown patches on her face by changing her diet it is worth while for other women who care for their complexions to know something of the method.

A lady in Michigan City says that coffee caused the brown patches on her face by first giving her stomach trouble, then putting her nerves out of order, and the result was shown in her complexion.

She quit coffee and began using Postum Food Coffee and in less than a month the stomach trouble disappeared and within two months her complexion cleared up and is now fine and rosy.

She speaks of two men at Westfield, Ind., who have both been improved in health by leaving off coffee, and taking in its place Postum Food Coffee, also a husband and wife of the same place, who were in poor health and suffered from stomach trouble. They quit coffee and after using Postum a short time the result was natural sleep, return of appetite, and a gain in strength as fast as nature could rebuild.

She gives the names of a number of other persons who have been helped by leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee.

It is a safe proposition that if any coffee user has stomach or nervous trouble, or bad complexion, he or she can get rid of the trouble by discontinuing coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee. It is easy enough to prove the truth of this by making trial. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

PARADOX OF TIME.

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
Alas, Time stays, we go!
Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,
For youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say? Ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee—
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow,
Now, in the selfsame stage,
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song,
To praise your "rose" and "snow;"
My bird, that sung, is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas, Time stays—we go!

"See in what traversed ways,
What backward fate delays
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires—
Ah, where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say? Ah, no!

"How far, how far, O sweet,
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold hands and pray;
Alas! Time stays—we go!"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Curious Birds.

In the West Indies is found a curious bird, known locally as the trembler. It feeds on the coffee berries, and as it hops from twig to twig it does not forget to stop every few seconds and shakes its wings and perks its tail in a most comical manner, says a writer on bird life. A hop, a quiver of the wings and tail, a skip with accompanying shake all over; a jump, with a convulsive shake, quivering and spasmodic twitching of the head, wings and tail, at once proclaim the aptness of its name. When several of them meet the birds go through the most laughable series of bows, quivering of wings and tail vibrations.

Some birds are chiefly remarkable for the nests they make. The largest bird's nest is that made by the Australian jungle fowl. This bird collects a quantity of decaying vegetable matter and builds with it mounds 15 feet in height and from 125 to 150 feet in circumference. The eggs are laid in a circle 9 to 12 inches apart and buried more than an arm's depth with the large end upward.

The Australian brush turkeys working in colonies, build pyramid nests even larger. One of these nests, on being removed, filled several carts and its total weight was five tons.

The most ingenious of nests is made by the republican. This little bird of India, which is about the size of a sparrow, lives in numerous families that unite in forming immense colonies. Their dwellings have the appearance of a circular framework surrounding the trunk of some large tree, and at a distance resemble great roofs attached to the trees. I once counted as many as three hundred cells, which indicated that it was inhabited by 600 birds. These nests are so heavy that many men and a large wagon are required to get one down intact and carry it away.

A FORESEEING JUDGE.

In Arkansas not many years ago a country justice of the peace called upon a retired attorney, and after presenting a statement of facts asked, as a matter of friendship, for a legal opinion upon them. This the attorney gave. When the attorney had finished the "Squire" rose and said: "Well, those are just the facts in a case I am agoin' to try next Saturday in my court, and I knowed you'd give me the right kind of an opinion, so I come to you. The costs in that case will be just seven dollars and a half, and I am willin' to divide with you. Then I was a candidate, some of the folks in my county were mean enough to say that I would n't know how to run this office. I intend to show them that I do. The next case I have I'll come to you again, and we'll run that court right or bust a hamstring a-tryin." With that the justice of the peace dropped $3.75 on his astonished friend's desk and took his departure, satisfied that his first case would get the right kind of a decision when it came up for trial on the following Saturday.—New York Times.

NEW CRATERS DISCOVERED

In Probably the Most Interesting Volcanic Regions.

Near the headwaters of the Kobuk river is one of the most peculiar chains of craters that have ever been discovered, says a Nome correspondent. It consists of five different extinct volcanic craters, and is probably the most interesting of all volcanic regions in this northern country.

The craters are situated near the portage of the Aaua, on the south fork, close to the body of water known as Caribou lake by the natives. They are stretched over a large triangular valley or basin and are plainly visible from the surrounding ridges.

The first of the craters contains several hot springs, which do not freeze in the coldest winters. It is about a quarter of a mile in diameter, while the edges are full 200 feet. There is not a particle of vegetation near. The water emitted from the springs is of a yellowish color and sulphurous in taste. It is highly effervescent, undoubtedly containing other mineral substances.

All of the craters are smaller than the first and are covered with moss from the edges to close to the centers, which are bare lava.

The sides are steep and exceedingly difficult to scale. It is easy to see where the lava and cinders have flowed over and been washed down by the creek, as there is no timber in the vicinity, but much both above and below the old volcanoes, and it is probable that all vegetable growth was killed years ago by the first eruptions.

The largest crater probably was the last to subside, which accounts for the springs, which are

QUESTION BUREAU ?

TULES—1.—Your real name and post-ce address must be on the sheet with question. Initials will not do. 2.—only one question; that is, there be several questions on the same ject, but not different subjects. 3.—editor of the Bureau is not allowed give the address of any person or nor answer as to the reliability of person or firm, nor to tell where can buy anything or sell anything thing in the way of free advertis-ts.—We reserve the right to decline answer any question not of general erest to a majority of our readers. We will not answer any questions religious topics.—no questions in-ving dogma or doctrine, or of Bib-l interpretation; no prices of old s or stamps; no arithmetical or mmatical questions. We don't ask ies by mail. If a question is of eral interest to our readers, we will ly in print, but never by mail.

n Coins Are Legal Tender.

Editor Question Bureau: To settle a ute, please answer: How many pen-s can one compel a man to take on a t? How much silver?—M. A. P., ry's Chapel, Tenn.

he silver dollar of standard value, grains, is a legal tender for all debts dues, public and private, except when erwise expressly mentioned in the con-ct. The silver coins of the United es of smaller denomination than one are a legal tender, in sums not ex-ding ten dollars, in payment of all s, public and private. The five-cent, e-cent and one-cent pieces are a legal der to the amount of twenty-five ts in one payment.

e Lusitania.

me of The Blade's readers—the name address have been mislaid—asks for scription of the new steamship Lusi-, built for the Cunard line, and ch has already begun voyages between land and the United States. The mer is 790 feet long, 88 feet wide, and a plated depth of 60 feet. On her l trip she made a speed of 25 knots. has nine decks. The hull is divided 175 water-tight compartments, ren-ing the vessel practically unsinkable. ed end to end, the main frames and ms in the skeleton of the craft would 30 miles. To rivet the steel plates the beams 4,000,000 rivets, aggregating tons in weight, were required. The itania has four great funnels, each 24 in diameter. She will carry more n 2,000 passengers and a crew of 400

d and Tellurium.

Editor Question Bureau: In The Blade August 29, G. B. asks the value of rium. In a mechanics' handbook ch I use there is a table which gives value of one avoirdupois pound of d as $289.72, while the same weight of rium is quoted at $196.20. Ribbon ed for pointing gold pens) is $466.59, the man who wants a pound of d crystals of vanadium can pay $4,-0 for it.—E. W. W., Sullivan, O.

k Notes Legal Tender.

Editor Question Bureau: Is a national k note legal tender when offered by individual to another in payment of bt?—A. G. G., Mongo, Ind.

National bank notes are legal tender in parts of the United States in payment taxes, excises, public lands, and all er dues to the United States, except ies on imports; also for all salaries other debts and demands owing by United States to individuals, corpora-s and associations within the United tes, except interest on the public debt in redemption of the national cur-cy, and also for any debt or liability any national banking association, ex-t gold-note banks. The bank note is a legal tender in payment of debt by individual to another, but, as our uirer no doubt understands, it is dily accepted in payment of all such gations.

ulliver Bridges.

Editor Question Bureau: Please ex-in how cantilever bridges are built. B, Union City, Pa.

The cantilever is a bracket resting a pier in the river to be crossed, so balanced and secured that the ended arm will support both its weight and its movable load. It connected in its mid-river extremity a girder span, with a similar bracket-reaching from the opposite shore. A example of this method of con-uction is found in the great rail-y bridge over the Firth of Forth at nsferry, Scotland, completed in 6. It has two chief spans of 1,710 , two others of 680 feet, 15 of 168 , and seven small arches. The l length of the viaduct, including rks is 8,296 feet, or a little over 1½ es, of which almost one mile is cov-d by the great cantilevers. The clear dway under the center of the bridge 152 feet at high water, and the hest part of the bridge is 361 feet ve the same level. The metal col-ns above each pier, forming the es of the cantilever, are 12 feet in meter. In the piers there are about 000 cubic yards of masonry, and the superstructure 44,500 tons of el. The principle of the cantilever recently been developed to a con-rable extent in the United States. the Niagara cantilever was built in 1. Its total length is 910 feet, and s 295 feet above the surface of the er, with steel towers 130 feet high. Hudson river bridge, at Poughp-sie, built in 1889, has a length of feet, and is built in five spans; t, third and fifth being true antilever spans with fixed continuous ns connecting them. The new ckwell's Island bridge, New York, an example of the cantilever prin-le. There are four channel piers, by 45 at the base, and 135 above h tide. These piers contain $10,000 e feet of granite. The bridge is miles in length, with two channel ns of 846 feet each, and a span ross Blackwell's Island of 613 feet. distance from the floor of the dge to the top of the girders form-the span is 100 feet, making the h of the structure 235 feet above h tide.

der for Copper.

Editor Question Bureau:—Can you give solder for copper?—H. S. R., Nazareth,

re is a solder for copper: Melt to-er and thoroughly mix, brass, 9 parts; ts; tin, 1½ parts. Copper-th's solder: Lead, 2½ parts; tin, 5 . If the copper is thick, heat by a d fire; if thin, use a tinned copper The flux is muriate or chloride of or resin. This solder will also do iron, cast iron or steel. Solder for se: All kinds of brass may be sol-ed with Bath metal; solder (79 copper, ne), or soft spelter, using borax as a . A good plan is to spread on a little e of this, then heating till the tin s and runs, and thus coats the sur-. Work previously tinned in this can be joined neatly and easily. To er sheet brass: For soldering with a per, use a solder made of 2 parts tin, rt lead, by weight; melt, mix and n small bars. For flux dissolve zinc riatic acid until no more will dis-e, add about one-tenth its bulk of sal moniac, and dilute with quarter its of water. Wet the surface to be dered with this solution, using a piece wood or copper wire for the purpose. by rubbing the surfaces with the point of the copper, a coating of will be imparted. Put both surfaces prepared together and heat by ap-ing the copper and a little solder to outside of the seam. The copper ld be well tinned on the point, which be done by heating the copper hot h to freely melt pure tin. Rub a of sal ammoniac on a brick, then the copper on the brick, with tin or er in contact with the point. The ng of the copper point is essential for dering.

er Gates.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell Prof. Elmer Gates is. Has he writ-any books?—A. E. V., Flora, Ill.

Elmer Gates is an American psycholo-and inventor. He was born at Day-O., in 1859, and, with his wife and ily, now resides near Washington, D. Having passed through the common normal schools of Ohio, he took short rse courses at several colleges, but mostly taught by private tutors. He ed particular attention to physics, istry, mathematics and biology, king over nearly every one of them in private laboratory, and, having ac-ed facility in five languages, made self familiar with most of the modern rature in each branch. In 1878 he an-nced the discovery of a new domain experimental psychology. Prof. Gates erates nine orders of sensation: sh, pressure, warmth, cold, muscular se, smell, taste, sight, hearing. ong Prof. Gates' most notable in-tions are the diamagnetic and mag-ic separator, which takes all gold out magnetic or ordinary sand; aseptic ing and fermenting that obviates the ence of ptomaines in spirituous ks; an electric loom, operating the ines without centershafting, belts, lay-motion, or picker sticks; an electro-static machine, working equally well in moist or dry weather, and numerous psychologic, scientific and educational contrivances. His discoveries in electric meteorology had the endorsement of Prof. Hazen, of the United States weather bureau. With the proceeds of his inven-tions and the donations received from persons interested in his theories, Prof. Gates has been enabled to equip exten-sive laboratories for experimental re-search in several branches of science. In 1894 he founded his first large labora-tory at Germantown, Pa., but in 1896 re-moved to Chevy Chase, Md., a near suburb of Washington, D. C., where he has built and equipped the most exten-sive and best furnished series of private laboratories in this country. The ap-paratus in these buildings is valued at a figure beyond $200,000.

Battle of Hastings.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a short account of the battle of Hastings.—E. T., Carrollton, Ga.

The battle of Hastings was the one bat-tle in the Norman conquest of England. It was fought October 14, 1066, at Senlac Hill, a few miles from Hastings, between William, Duke of Normandy, and Harold II, king of England. Harold's fortified position was attacked at 9 a. m. by the Norman army in three divisions, strong in cavalry and archers, the center led by William in person. The English made a stout resistance with their battleaxes and other weapons, part of them pursuing William's flying forces, the whole body was led into a trap by the feigned retreat of many of the Norman forces, the disordered ranks of the Eng-lish being easily overborne by their enemies, who stormed and carried the hill. The death of Harold, who was pierced in the eye by an arrow, about sunset, disheartened his men, and they shortly dispersed. Battle Abbey was erected by William on the field where Harold fell, and portions of it still exist.

Madeline S. Bridges.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give a biographical sketch of Madeline S. Bridges.—M. G., Allendale, Mo.

Madeline S. Bridges is the pen name of Mary Ainge De Vere, poet and humorist, who was born in Brooklyn. Her parents were natives of Ireland. Her father, Thomas Ainge De Vyr, was a prominent agitator of Irish autonomy. After com-ing to America he formed the acquain-tance of some of the most prominent literary people and artists of the country, and won some celebrity as a graceful writer. He owned and edited The Morn-ing Post, the first daily newspaper in Williamsburg, L. I., and was subsequent-ly associate editor of the Irish World of New York. From both father and mother Miss De Vere inherited literary and artistic talents. As a little child, while studying under a governess at home, she proved herself an apt pupil both in music and art, but especially gifted in composition. She composed verses literally from the time she began to talk, and she was only fourteen when her first effusions appeared in a New York daily newspaper. She attended a private school in Brooklyn for several years, and then entered Fort Edward College, where she won a high prize for poetical composition. At school she also distinguished herself in the study of music, art and languages. Returning to her parents' home in Brooklyn she wrote more and more frequently for publication, and in a short time her verses were sought after by leading magazines. Mad-eline S. Bridges is the pseudonym over which her humorous work has appeared, while her more serious poems have ap-peared over her own name. Many of these have become general favorites. In 1870 she published a small collection of poems, entitled Love Songs and Other Poems. One literary critic has said of her: "She is akin to Mrs. Browning, 'daughter of Shakespeare,' in poetic feel-ing and expression. Her writings are characterized by spontaniety. In her love-songs there is always more tender-ness than passion, more regret than des-pair. Her best lyric is once a picture and a song, and in her sonnets there is reflection, taste, repose." Miss De Vere has published translations from German, French and Spanish literature. She has always made her home in Brooklyn.

Miscellaneous.

H. A. P., Louisville, Pa.: The Bat-tle Mountain sanitarium is located at Hot Springs, S. Dak., as the article you refer to very plainly stated.

F. M., Virginia City, Pa.: If you would tell us the first name of the Turner you inquire about we might be able to give you a biographical sketch of him. We cannot guess at the one you want to know about.

J. D. R., Millton, Ia.: Recently, when Mrs. Florence Maybrick was re-leased from prison, the details of her case were given in the news columns, but we do not remember them. Her husband died from poison, but it was pretty conclusively shown, that he had been in the habit of taking it for medical purposes. There was no other man in the case.

T. E. B., Mechanicsburg, O.: Never sell a farm to invest in a mine unless you have positive personal knowledge that the mine is a paying investment. The Bureau nor The Blade will cer-tainly not guarantee any mine, nor will it recommend any. We have no information on the subject.

G. W. M., Elizabeth, W. Va.: It is absolutely impossible for The Blade to give family history in these col-umns. We have often been requested to do so, but have as often necessarily refused.

L. S., El Paso, Ill.: We know of but one organization called the Latter Day Saints.

C. E. C., Lima, Mont.: All the in-formation we possess in regard to the advancement and improvement in har-vesting machinery, etc., has been given in these columns. But with it all there was no definite answer to your ques-tion, when and where the twine and wire binders were first used. We can find no record that will enable us to accurately reply.

WAS IT LEAKING?

Lincoln Beachy, the well-known aeronaut, was criticising in New York the air-ship of a rival.

"I don't want to be too severe on this dangerous contrivance of yours," Mr. Beachy said. "It is a bad affair all through, but am willing to let it off easy, as the customer did with the careless bar-ber.

"There was a barber in South Bend, who, having been out late the night be-fore, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times. After each accident the barber said, as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and laughed, and let it go at that.

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence. But when the slave was over, he filled a glass at the ice-cooler, took a mouthful of water, and with compressed lips proceeded to shake his head from side to side, and to toss it up and down.

"'What is the matter?' the barber asked. 'You ain't got the toothache, have you?'

"'No,' said the customer. 'I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all.'"—Washington Star.

THE LITTLE DEARS.

A terrific racket was going on in the nursery.

"What are the children doing in there, Laura?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"They told me they were going to play Sunday school, answered his wife. "Some of their little friends are spend-ing the evening with them."

Mr. Ferguson stepped to the door of the nursery and applied his ear to the keyhole. A dozen juvenile voices were singing lustily:

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morn-i-i-ing-
And then we won't go home!"

Then he went back and picked up his newspaper again.

"Could you make out what they were singing, George?" asked Mrs. Ferguson.

"Yes;" he said, "it's a favorite old Sunday school hymn."

WHAT IT MEANS TO SOUTH

Macon Telegraph.

The referendum, if ever adopted as a principle of our system of government, will blot out Southern civilization. Our views and ideals will be swept before the flood.

"Petitions" will flood congress. Those which began in 1835, so dreaded by Cal-houn, drove the South to secession in a search for peace, tranquility, happiness. The referendum will be the open door of perpetual strife and agitation.

We who know what Northern agitation from 1850 to 1860 did in forcing secession, we who have eaten of the bitter fruits of reconstruction and its despotic power, and feel today its pernicious influence, deny-ing even now the women of our state the freedom of the highways, must at all hazards reject any substitute whatsoever that will imperil our state government and state control.

Our safety is to magnify the state, not the mob.

More necessary now than ever, as two races dwell here, to travel the constitu-tional paths, and none others.

KEEP COOL BY HOT AIR

One Quart of Kerosene Oil Will Run a Fan for 24 Hours.

There is a great demand throughout India, as well as in all other tropical countries, for some sort of fan that will distribute a great deal of cool air at a low cost of production. A German firm has recently introduced in Bombay a portable fan which is operated at about one-fifth the cost of electric fans.

The fan is propelled by a hot air engine, says Town and Country, the heat being generated by a kerosene lamp which holds about one quart of oil, sufficient to keep it running for twenty-four hours. To the lamp is attached a small glass chimney which fits into a larger metal chimney connected with the engine.

Upon the top of the engine is hung the fan, similar in shape and size to the or-dinary electric fan, whose speed is gov-erned by the size of the flame. The whole outfit weighs about thirty pounds and sits upon a small stand, raising the level of the fan proper to that of an or-dinary desk. It is fitted with handles and can be easily moved to any portion of the room or house desired.

If American manufacturers can produce a similar article, with perhaps a few im-provements and at a smaller cost, an im-mense field will be found for its sale, for this is not necessarily limited to India, but would include every hot country in which white people are compelled to live.

TAILLESS HENS IMMUNE.

A very curious theory to account for the alleged immunity of the Sans Queue breed of domestic poultry, bet-ter known as tailless Belgian hens, from attacks by foxes has been ad-vanced by M. Van de Snickt, a great Belgian poultry expert.

He says that foxes habitually take fowls by the tail, and argues that, as San Queue fowls have no tails, they cannot be caught.

It is the general impression in Eng-land that foxes seize fowls in no par-ticular way, and it is certain that they very often take them by the neck, bit-ing right and left among them, and frequently leaving the decapitated bodies lying around.

An authority on poultry who was in-terviewed by an Express representa-tive yesterday gave his opinion that M. Van der Snickt referred to foxes' on-slaughts on roosting fowls at night. "Then," he said, "it is highly probable that the Sans Queue fowl would es-cape, because when the fox jumped at the roosting poles to bring his victims down there would be no tails to grab at. But it is pretty certain that Sans Queue fowls frightened from their roost would stand little chance on the ground.

"By no means are all fowls assailed by foxes taken at roosting time, how-ever. Often the fox pays his visit dur-ing daylight, when the fowls are still on the ground. In my opinion, it is then a case of catch-as-catch-can, the victimized fowls generally suffering from a sudden snap of Reynard's jaws which almost, if not quite, severs their heads from their bodies."—London Express.

Breaking a Strike.

If all labor difficulties could be ad-justed with the celerity and decision displayed by Professor Jowett, the fa-mous master of Balliol, questions of employer and employe would not man-ifest themselves in so violent a manner as is frequent. The famous teacher was noted for his brevity of speech and dispatch of business, but these qualities never shone to greater advantage than on the famous occasion of his dealing with the refractory washer-women of Balliol.

These worthy dames struck for high-er wages in one department. Twelve collars for a shilling was the statutory price. They came to present their claim to the master.

"The washerwomen have come to see you," said the butler.

"Show the ladies up," said the mas-ter. They clumped into the room, to find him poking the fire. He turned around.

"Will you wash twelve collars for a shilling?" he asked quietly.

They began to expostulate. He touched the bell; in came the butler.

"Show the ladies down."

Presently the butler appeared again.

"They seem very sorry, sir—would like to see you again."

"Show them up."

The washerwomen found the master intent, as before, on the fire grate.

"Will you wash twelve collars for a shilling?" piped the chief voice.

A stalwart speaker began to expos-tulate. He touched the bell.

"Show these ladies down," he said, and down they went. Again the butler reappeared, expressing a hope that the master would see the women again.

"Certainly. Show them up."

They entered the room for the third time.

"Will you wash twelve collars for a shilling?"

"We will," they cried.

"Thank you—good day, good day!" said the master. "Knight, show these ladies down," and the strike was over. —Youth's Companion.

OFFERED 25c FOR WIFE.

Baltimore Sun.

With a look of worry a young and pros-perous farmer, who said he hailed from Ellicott City, walked into the Western po-lice station yesterday evening and be-sought Captain Henry to find his wife. He said that they had come here to have his wife's teeth attended to and that they had been separated while in a crowd.

Captain Henry promised to look around for her. The farmer paced the floor of the station house and from time to time gazed from the door to see if "she" were in sight. At last the strain became so great that he turned to the stolid captain and cried:

"Say, captain, I will give anything to have my wife back. She is the pride of my house. Oh, captain, I'll give—I'll give you a quarter if you get her!"

The appeal was too much for the police. Instantly roars of laughter answered this appeal and whispers of "graft" were heard. Angry at the refusal of his noble offer, the farmer rushed from the door and thence to Camden station. There he met a friend, who told him that his wife had departed for Woodstock, their home.

Satisfaction prevailed at the Western police station until 9 p. m., when an agi-tated voice called Lieutenant Poulton to the phone.

"Say, captain, my wife ain't home. I can't find her anywhere. Oh, what am I going to do?"

Lieutenant Poulton bade him cheer up and told him they would probably find the wife in the morning. As a word of ad-vice the lieutenant concluded with: "Say, young fellow, couldn't you make that 25 cents 50?"

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN KIND

New York Times.

A New York mechanical engineer, who has just returned from a trip abroad, in which he visited Germany, tells an inci-dent of his visit to the latter country.

"I was inspecting a big plant there," he said, "and naturally I was interested in the machinery used to furnish power. I was inspecting the engine room, when I saw something which attracted me. An oil-begrimed workman was on top of a cylinder polishing some brass work, and him I approached for information.

"'Pardon me,' I said, in my best Ger-man. 'Do you have trouble in keeping up steam?'

"'Nix, I no understand!' he said in English.

"'So you are an Englishman?' I ex-claimed.

"'That's what I am,' the workman re-plied, 'I'm travelling, and I am new on this job. I was taken in on account of their labor troubles.'

"Then, as he looked me over carefully, 'So you speak English,' and with a very polite smile, he added: 'Excuse me for saying it, sir, but you speak very good English for a Dutchman.'"

PUZZLING SPECULATORS.

Philadelphia Press.

The true speculator does not care whether stocks go up or go down, just so he happens to guess correctly the direction they will go in time to make his profits. He pats himself upon the back when he guesses right and talks learnedly of his wise forethought. But when he misses the mark no one else can wail so vehemently or rail so lustily as the pinched speculator. One fallacy of the speculator is that he takes him-self far more seriously than anybody else takes him. He plumes himself as the guardian, or even the owner, of the big corporations. One would think, from the noise he makes, that he, and he only, was the proprietor of the railroads and the industrial establishments. As a matter of fact, he doesn't any more own these properties than the fly on the mule owns the mule. But he does a lot of buzzing.—Philadelphia Press.

CRANBERRY MARSH

How a Bog Brings Profit to Its Owner

PALMER HELPMAN.

The cranberry picking season on the Everett marsh near Samaria, Mich., 15 miles from Toledo, owned by Capt. Clayton W. Everett, of this city, opened this week, and for about twenty-five days the hom of the oak bog berry, as the Everett brand is called, will be the scene of great activity. The scarcity of willing pickers is causing considerable anxiety for Captain Ever-ett and his resident manager of the marsh, Joshua West, as the present crop will surpass in size that of any previous year.

It is estimated by West that fully 3,000 bushels will be harvested within the next three weeks and that is more than twice the crop of last year.

The compulsory school law passed last year by the Michigan legislature, making it mandatory with parents to send their children to school, and posi-tively prohibiting the employment of children under fifteen years old, has created problems in the berry picking business more serious than ever before reckoned with by marsh owners. About one hundred boys and girls, who in the past have earned money for school books and clothing at the Ever-ett marsh, are losing that opportunity this year. When the picking began last Tuesday morning the youthful workers were headed for the town-ship school houses instead of the bog.

Because of the enormous size of the present crop men and women have been imported from more distant sec-tions and housed and boarded on the Everett farm. Fifty-one pickers went from Toledo last Monday and, though some have returned home for various reasons, others have since filled their places.

This has been a perfect season for raising cranberries, the marshes re-quiring considerable rain and cool nights. The berry vines grow rapidly in bright sunshine, but a hot and dry season disastrously curtails the crop.

"The crop we now have on our hands shows what a favorable season will make," proudly asserted Mr. West, who has raised the acid berries since he was ten years old. "The ground is soft, wet and cool, and the fair weath-er of the past week has developed the berries to the right stage of ripeness for picking and storage."

Among berry raisers the Everett farm is known as a freak, because the tract of 112 acres of marsh land, cultivated in cranberries, is surrounded by vast stretches of other marsh, all sterile. Capt. Everett, more than 20 years ago, discovered that in one section of the swamp was a rich area of peat muck, similar to the cranberry marches of Cape Cod and Massachusetts. There were a few wild vines on the place bear-ing a lucious red berry, and he set to work cultivating his bog and transplant-ing new vines from the Drumble brothers' marsh near Holland, O.

Twenty-two years ago that part of Monroe county in which is located Capt. Everett's farm of 260 acres, was cheap land. It was considered worthless, and was sold and resold for prices dispropor-tionate with its latent value. Today it is not for sale at any price.

It has survived several small bogs in this section, and although no new vines have been planted in the past ten years, the berries have spread over several acres in that time. Thirty years ago the Trumble marsh at Holland, gave promise of becoming a profitable bog, but the muck slowly dried out, and about eighteen years ago it was abandoned.

Joshua West got his start in the cranberry business in an interesting way at ten years of age. In those days there were a few wild cranberries growing on the marsh West is now managing. A family of French settlers gathered the berries when ripe and sold them to huck-sters. Young West's father knew how the fruit was gathered in the east, so each fall, while the berries were still green, and before the Frenchman had thought of picking them, young West gathered in the crop and hid them in an underground cellar, where they ripened, red, large and sound.

Capt. Everett has responded liberally to the demands of his marsh for im-provements. It is flooded and drained by five courses of dykes, installed sev-eral years ago, and supplied by water through tiled ditches from a nearby creek. Every season the rank growth of weeds and marsh hay is mowed and a new layer of vegetable, or peat muck, is thus formed. Consequently the Oag Bog berry is healthy, sound and well formed and demands top prices on the market from the Thanksgiving day and Christ-mas trade.

The cranberry marshes of the chief growing sections in Massachusetts, Cape Cod, Wisconsin and the extreme north-ern part of Michigan are fairly flooded with their crop this year, according to reports of growers in those sections, al-though the probable yield will be a slight shrinkage from the harvest of a year ago.

The growing, picking, storing and rip-ening of a crop of cranberries are all interesting steps in the development of the much-coveted, red, tart fruit, which furnishes such appetizing sauce for the Thanksgiving day turkey.

As no cultivation of the roots and vines is necessary, it may be said that Nature does most of the work without the aid of man. Similar to the growth of straw-berries, the cranberry patch cannot be kept within its original bounds. New vines are started out each year, and the long life of the old ones, often reaching a length of ten or twelve feet, is ac-counted for by the fact that wherever the vine touches the earth new roots take hold, drawing more nutriment from the spongy muck and sending it out into the extended creepers. The vine is slender and the tiny, closely-connected leaves are evergreen. The main vine will grow about twelve inches each season, and the season's fruit is borne chiefly on the new part.

The earth required for growing has already been described as peat muck, formed by layer upon layer of vegetable mould, composed of rotted marsh hay, weeds and roots. Its formation in old marshes is peculiar. Reaching in many places a thickness of from twelve to fourteen feet, the foundation is spongy and the surface for a large area may be shaken by jumping on it, as might be a stack of large straw mattresses.

Although this muck retains much moisture during the summer season, the vines are further nourished and protect-ed by flooding each fall after the crop is gathered. Sand dykes are constructed at intervals through the marsh, and when the flood season arrives the sluice gates are opened and the vines covered with water. The winter's ice protects the plants from the changing tempera-ture, and as soon as the warm days of spring come the water is drained off through the ditches. In the spring there is a danger of leaving the flood stand too long, as the hot rays of the sun will easily blister the vines and rot the roots if the leaves are still covered. At the Everett marsh the vines are exposed between May 1 and the fifteenth of the month. The weather of southern Michi-gan adds to the adaptability of the Ev-erett marsh over the few small bogs in the northern portion of the state, where the winters are long and more severe.

The vines begin to grow nearly as soon as the floods are released, and it is only a short time until the picking sea-son has arrived. Picking is usually started the last week in August, but the present crop is about two weeks late. However, these extra days for develop-ment have added to the firmness of the berry and the volume of the yield.

The picking is all done by hand, and with the aid of a small tin box with a frontal attachment similar to a wire comb. The picker simply combs the berries from the stem by holding up the vines. The berries usually grow near the surface of the mass of vines, but underneath the very top.

This method of reaping the cranber-ries is admitted by growers to be crude and unprofitable. All the berries cannot be gathered, and many are unavoidably dropped into the network of roots. It is estimated that 20 per cent of the crop is lost by the mechanical picker, while those who pick entirely by hand are able only to gather 90 per cent in each row of vines.

Captain Everett is now preparing to adopt the mechanical picker used in the eastern states, and will this year begin training his vines for its use. Similar to the small tin box gatherer, the eastern device is larger and will pick about three times as rapidly as the smaller one. But the vines must be trained to grow in one direction, so that the picker will not catch in tangled stems. The vines are trained early in the season by an ordinary hay rake.

To gather the crop this year on the Everett marsh 200 hands will be need-ed daily for three weeks. At the open-ing 128 men and women entered the long rows of vines and Wednesday there were 166 persons working. Pickers earn two cents a quart.

A new and expensive requirement that has been brought about by the compulsory school law is the housing of the pickers. As the majority of the workers come from a distance too far to return home each night, Captain Everett furnishes them cots in eight spacious tents free of charge, and good, substantial meals are served, for which each person pays the cost at about 13 cents, or 39 cents deducted daily from their earnings.

The picking process is perhaps the most important in gathering cranber-ries, as danger of bruising is greater in the frequent handling and the cleaning and grading processes that follow.

After the berries are measured and the picker credited they are turned into a cleaning mill in which the dust and leaves are blown out and the ber-ries dropped into padded half-bushel measures ready to be stored for ripen-ing. The berry is never allowed to bound on board surfaces, as the slight-est bruise will result in decay.

The cranberries are picked when green as they would not ripen suffi-ciently before the frosts nip them and the crop would be ruined.

The method of ripening is simple, but great care is exercised to maintain an unchanged temperature. At once after cleaning the berries are stored in cellars half underground and cov-ered with marsh hay and banked with manure. Thirty to forty days later they are ripe and as soon as the Thanksgiving demand begins they are shipped to market. The Everett crop is hauled to Toledo on wagons, a dis-tance of eighteen miles, and then dis-tributed to the retailers. Al of the crop is consumed in Toledo and with-in a radius of 200 miles. However, the 3,000 bushels from this source will not nearly supply the demand.

NEW WAY TO PULL A TOOTH

Philadelphia Inquirer.

In the attempt to employ a door and a man in the extraction of an aching molar yesterday, John Tobias, 23 years old, burned his neck and chin severely. Incidentally he lost a necktie and a shirt through fire. He extracted the tooth, how-ever.

Tobias had been awakened in the early hours yesterday morning with a jumping pain in his mouth. Various remedies ap-plied from then on throughout the day gave little or no relief. Ingenuity born of desperation evolved an original plan.

Procuring a piece of stout cord, Tobias tied one end around the aching member. The other he tied to the knob of the back door. Standing off until the string was taut, he reached into his pocket, took from his match safe a match and struck it on the jam.

Then he suddenly applied it beneath his chin. The idea, of course, was to ex-cite the motor nerves to a sudden jerk from danger. This succeeded and the tooth, blood red at one end, swung back and forth with the motion of the door. But the sudden jerk landed the lighted match on Tobias' necktie and shirt front. In a moment they were aflame and scorching his chin and breast.

Covering the fire with his hands, the flame was soon extinguished and Tobias went to St. Luke hospital, around the corner, for treatment.

Uniforms and Changes.

To change a uniform is always a more serious thing than it appears at first glance to civilians. There are so many associations that cluster about a uniform it exerts such a stimulating influence on its wearers, and is such an incentive to professional pride, that governments are usually very slow to yield in the matter to anything but the most convincing ar-guments of convenience. There are regi-ments in Europe which wear some arti-cles of dress modeled on the fashion of a past century in commemoration of great deeds done by them when these were in the full height of military fasoihn. The uniforms of our West Point cadets strangely archaic according to army standards of today, preserve the memory of the valor of Scott's soldiers in the war of 1812, who were clad in gray sim-ply because the United States had not blue cloth enough to clothe them accord-ing to regulations. The herringbone fac-ings and heavy brass buttons of the cadet coats came down from 1812, and only a few years ago the government paid further homage to tradition by giv-ing to the West Point battalion the old-fashioned shako, chin strap and all, although that heavy headgear had long been obsolete in our service.—Boston Transcript.

SAVANTS ASTOUNDED.

New York Herald.

Mosquitoes four feet in length captured the admiration of the delegates of the seventh international Congress of Zoolo-gy, who are paying a brief visit to this city, when they made an inspection yes-terday of the American Museum of Nat-ural History. The insects were so natural in their poise that it required little stretch of the imagination to believe that they had just flown in from among the grasses and the marshes of the New Jersey mead-ows.

The mosquitoes, of which one was the stingless male variety, and therefore no unwelcome guest in any house, and the female, which has a sting and tripartite poison sac, were shown on the ground floor of the museum. They are made of wax, and for two years have been under construction by the experts. The waxen models have been magnified 75 diameters, and the various organs were reproduced in different colors, so as to show the in-ternal configuration. So finely are the details worked out that it required two weeks of steady work to finish one mos-quito leg. These giant wax models of in-sects are used in giving instruction in the fine points of entomology, of which there are many about the mosquito race.

EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGE.

The late General Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the civil war, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virginia, when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a school house.

It chanced that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor, and by and by had announced its pres-ence after its well-known effective man-ner.

The officers all waked up, but, being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful! Dey shleeps und I vakes, und I haf got to shmell it all!"—Lippincott's.

COLORED EVIDENCE.

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, said one day of a piece of sus-picious evidence:

"It is evidence that has been tamp-ered with, colored. It is like the lady's report of her physician's prescription. A lady, one day in July, visited her physician. The man examined her and said:

"'Madam, you are only a little run down. You need frequent baths, and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfort-able clothes—nothing stiff or formal.'

"When she got home her husband asked her what the physician had said. The lady replied:

"'He said I must go to the seashore, do plenty of automobiling, and get some new summer gowns.'"

WAITING.

Serene I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea,
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The flowerlet nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

The British "Consol."

The British "consols," which yester-day dropped to the lowest market level since 1848, are a legacy of Pitt. They still date in largest part from the great struggle which crushed Napoleon.

The word "consol," pronounced in England with the accent on the last syl-labl, means "consolidated annuities," though only a small part of the na-tional debt is in this form.

After the revolution of 1688 the British debt stood at $80,000,000. Mari-borough's campaigns added $190,000,-000, the "French and Indian" wars $435,000,000, and our revolution $605,-000,000. But as war debts were part-ly paid in peace the total in 1795 was only $1,250,000,000. The years of Moscow, of Dresden and of the abdi-cation of Napoleon—1812, 1813 and 1814—alone added $535,000,000 and the Napoleonic wars in total, $3,005,-000,000; so that in 1816 the debt in spite of reduction was at the crushing height of $4,500,000,000. In 1820 Syd-ney Smith wrote:

"The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pour-ing his medicine which has paid 7 per cent into a spoon which has paid 12 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 23 per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death."

So intolerable was the burden of the successful war after the victory was won.

The war in the Crimea added $165,-000,000, but annual payments had re-duced the grand total in 1899 to $3,-175,000,000. The Boer war and the Boxer expedition in China, besides $335,000,000 exacted in war taxes, again added $750,000,000 to the debt, and in 1903 it stood at nearly $4,-000,000,000—all this vast sum being the record of past wars and not of any useful expenditure.

For more than a century the inter-est on the debt was 3 per cent. In 1888 it was reduced to 2¾ per cent, and in 1903 to 2½ per cent, which relieves yesterday's low record price of 82 11-16 of some of the significance. Still, the market slump is a striking il-lustration of the effect upon national credit of military glory.—New York World.

LEARN TO SHAKE HANDS.

One does not need to grasp the hand in a death-like grip, but there is some-thing about a good handshake which is the silent interpreter of a welcome. A person possessing a great deal of personal magnetism may just take your hand in his and the cordial welcome is recognized without even as much as the slightest pressure of the fingers. Others may have a good grip, which is more like a clutch. There is no set rule for handshaking unless a person bears in mind that handshaking must be a feeling expressed with the hands and not the eye or voice. If only done through a matter of form, there is no earthly use of shaking hands at all. Strong intuition serves a great many persons, and to grasp a cold, clammy hand, which lies like a piece of marble in one's hand, is to make a big-hearted person feel like he had come in contact with the wrong party.

A LINK WITH LIGNY.

At the Belgian village of Ligny, ren-dered historic by Napoleon's encounter with the Prussians, there still lives one who not only saw the battle but was brought into actual contact with Napo-leon. This person is a widow, named Rudaz, who was 16 years old on July 29. She still lives on the farm where she was born, and a day or two before the battle Napoleon established his headquarters near it, and several times entered into conversation with the centenarian's mother, on which occasions he would also note the girl herself, who was then ten years old. Like the crafty peasant she was, the woman, while her husband was earning money by carting supplies for the French, had buried their little hoard in the earth near the farmhouse, and when the French horsemen first approached went and sat down on the spot, feigning illness. This first attracted Bonaparte's attention to her, and he sent a cordial. Longevity seems to run in the old wo-man's family. She had four sisters who lived from 94 to 99 years, and she lives with her unmarried "lad," who is 77.—Dundee Advertiser.

THE EXPECTATION OF LIFE

Notwithstanding improved medical knowledge and the benefits of modern sanitation, we are dying earlier than our grandparents did. The United States census shows a considerably in-creased death rate for all ages over sixty years. At the same time, it still holds good that the average expecta-tion of life has been lengthened during the past decades, but it is only the younger individuals who profit by this practical result of the advances in medical knowledge.—New York Times.

Dog Catches Bass in Air.

Rover, a Newfoundland dog owned by Patrick Coffrey, of Bloomfield, N. J., yesterday caught the largest bass ever pulled out of Oakes pond, near that town. Coffrey and the dog were on the shore of the pond, when the attention of both was drawn to something floating near the surface of the water, about ten feet from the shore.

Rover prepared to spring into the wa-ter, and as he did so a bass leaped out of the water about six feet. Instantly Rover jumped, caught the fish in his teeth, and, swimming ashore, laid it at his master's feet.

Mr. Coffrey says the bass weighed four pounds and five ounces, and is the larg-est ever taken from the pond.—New York Herald.

Our Eccentric Tongue.

Baron Uxkull, the Russian who has been making addresses, told a story tho other day of his struggles with the Eng-lish language. When he was in Cleve-land a year or more ago he was able to speak English

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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The Roosevelt sons can be forgiven for at times feeling that they would like to be regarded as mere boys.

The price of nearly all household necessities, with the exception of Teddy bears, is still going steadily up.

Cheer up. The Baltimore American says "the cold frost of impenetrable truth will ever kill a flowering lie."

Judge Parker must feel sore that anybody should suppose that he didn't know better than to want to run again.

We frequently hear of Hetty Green's son saying so and so, etc., but it is what Hetty says that really counts.

If you can't understand what makes Teddy bears popular, just watch a sweet little girl in the act of hugging one of the fuzzy things.

When the hens begin laying twenty-two cent eggs we don't have to look at the calendar to learn that the summer is waning.

Mr. Bryan is finding so much fault with Secretary Taft that it is evident that he does not approve of him as a presidential candidate.

Mr. Fairbanks would probably feel somewhat pleased if Mr. Tom Platt's endorsement of his candidacy would turn out to be a wild rumor.

Mr. Walter Wellman has decided that the discovery of the North Pole can wait until next year. Mr. Wellman's judgment seems to be good.

A Louisiana health officer declares that ninety per cent of the crimes of this country are due to bad cooking. Drives men to drink, eh?

With the county fairs opening in full blast it is not easy to see how the Jamestown exposition can expect to attract much attention.

A New York man has been arrested for holding a girl's hand. And yet we hear pessimistic people complaining that the world is growing worse.

A Michigan woman says a wife should get half her husband's salary. But what should be done with the other half? We should not be left in the dark.

This year's Texas cotton crop is a million bales short. But the Houston Post can easily figure that a short crop is a grand old Texas blessing.

The farmers of the country are to be $1,000,000,000 richer after this year's crops are harvested. A lot of automobiles can be purchased with that much money.

The man who says he was told by the voice of God that the world was to come to an end a week ago, has probably decided by this time that God was mistaken.

The New York woman who has persuaded her husband to stop thinking, will have only herself to blame if he now becomes a candidate for municipal office.

Wherever he goes, Mr. Taft is welcomed with enthusiasm, though other presidential aspirants may think that some of it is merely respect for the office he holds.

A Nebraska man and woman were recently married for the fourth time. It is beautiful to find two people thoroughly convinced that they are intended for each other.

Probably the scientist who is to expound the most plausible theory concerning the planet Mars is at present only a bright schoolboy. Anyhow, we can wait and see.

Judge Parker announces that he will never again be a candidate for president and John D. Rockefeller declares he will give out no more interviews. What a dull country this is going to be.

The farmers have had their trust incorporated in New Jersey, which certainly doesn't make it look like a helping hand society, organized for the benefit of poor people who have to eat.

Bryan says Taft is a postponer. If Taft wanted to be mean he could remind Bryan of two occasions when the people seemed to think postponements were good things for the country.

Dr. Wiley says people live longer now than they used to live, and proves it by statistics. Without the statistics, some people would have been inclined to regard him as a crazy optimist.

Mr. Bryan pretends not to be greatly concerned about the Democratic presidential nomination, but it is a safe bet that he has earnestly discussed the matter with Mrs. Bryan.

An Illinois judge has decided that "it is perfectly proper for a man to want to kiss a woman if she's pretty." If she isn't pretty we assume that a fine of ten dollars and costs would be about the proper punishment.

It would seem possible for President Roosevelt to control the third-termers in his cabinet, even though he couldn't be expected to suppress all the postmasters in the country who think that he should run again.

Secretary Taft tells the people of Oklahoma that they should reject the state constitution that has been prepared for them, and Mr. Bryan says it is the best ever. The people of Oklahoma, who do not know what a constitution ought to look like, must be in considerable doubt what is the proper thing to do under the circumstances.

CLEVELAND BOSSISM DOOMED.

Theodore Burton has accepted the Republican nomination for mayor of Cleveland, and is now in the race against Tom L. Johnson.

Certain political writers claim Mr. Burton is merely pursuing a campaign mapped out long ago, having for its purpose the dislodgment of the Republican state organization and the enforced retirement of the Ohio senators. But they who know Mr. Burton well appreciate the sacrifice he is making in withdrawing from the national stage and engaging in a local contest and indignantly deny that he has any ulterior purpose.

Briefly, the situation is this: Conditions are so deplorable in Cleveland that the people are demanding a change. The city has reached the limit of its borrowing capacity except by a popular vote. Municipal funds have been squandered and improvements which should have been completed long ago are not even begun. That there has been gross mismanagement is already demonstrated, and unless a new order is established the city will be bankrupt.

But Tom Johnson is no novice in politics. He has built up the most perfect and powerful machine known to American politics. He is a demagogue of the most advanced type, and he does not hesitate to employ any artifice that will bring him votes. He found in the traction problem an issue which he could work at will, and as long as it remains unsettled it will continue to be his chief political plaything. For all that, he knows the best interests of Cleveland demand an immediate solution of the problem.

Mr. Burton enters into the municipal contest as a matter of principle. He is a doer of things, not a dreamer, and his platform promises a settlement of the traction problem on terms that will inure to the city's advantage. They who know him best know that he will conduct this fight with all the energy of his being, and when the votes are counted and he is installed in the mayor's office, his first duty will be to carry out the pledges of his platform.

No doubt Mr. Burton has weighed all the possibilities, and realizes that his election to the mayoralty cannot fail to advance his political fortunes. Should he be defeated, his loss of prestige will not affect appreciably his standing in the district that he now represents and he can be assured of an extended term in congress. But that which influenced Mr. Burton's decision above everything else was his desire to free Cleveland from the thrall of Johnsonism.

CHOATE AT THE HAGUE.

The leader in the great peace movement of the world is Joseph M. Choate, one of the American delegates at The Hague conference.

Ably seconding his efforts is another American, General Horace Porter.

These two men have pressed the propositions of the United States with such force of agument and skill of oratory that the opposition, which at first was stubborn and apparently immovable, has in the main capitulated.

By far the greater part of the proceedings has been devoted to plans for the mitigation of war's evils. The question of disarmament failed because the European nations that might consistently take the initiative refused to do so, and others feared lest affirmative action on their part might be misconstrued. In the matters of contraband and neutrals, the American delegates helped materially toward formulating rules which make for the surer protection of property.

But all through these discussions, Mr. Choate was as one held in leash, and at the first opportunity he spoke his mind. "We have done something to ameliorate the cruelties of war," he said in effect, "but nothing to prevent war." And he followed the statement with the announcement that he would, at the proper time, ask for the institution of a permanent international high court.

Since then, he has formulated this proposition and supported it in a speech so eloquent and so logical as to convince the conference of the wisdom of such a course. The examining committee to which the Choate request was referred has already made a report, approving every feature of it except one referring to the allotment of judges, and, as Mr. Choate has already indicated, that is not a point of sufficient importance to defeat the principle involved in the proposition. He declared it to be the solemn duty of the conference to provide a court in obedience to the almost universal demand.

It seems rather remarkable that this assemblage of prominent representatives from the greatest nations of the world has approached the real object of its mission with almost dread, wasting months in a discussion of questions trivial in comparison with the main subject. For, manifestly, if this great "court of arbitral justice" is established, where nations or individuals having grievances against nations can plead their cause, a court whose decisions will be accepted as final, universal peace, if not fully realized, will be approximated to a degree where there will be little need to worry over neutrals, contraband or armament.

And while other delegates were timid, uncertain, procrastinating, Joseph M. Choate, citizen of the United States, submitted the proposition and supported it with such force of logic and eloquence as to command approval. If he carries his point, as now seems certain, every advocate of peace will owe him a lasting debt of gratitude.

EX-GOVERNOR TAYLOR IS WISE.

Thus far the state of Kentucky has not complied with the conditions that ex-Governor Taylor has named as contingent to his voluntary surrender. True, one of the judges has promised immunity from arrest if Taylor will return and testify in the trial of Caleb Powers, but the ex-governor will not jeopardize his liberty on the strength of a verbal promise.

What he desires and emphasizes is that he himself be tried before an impartial judge and a nonpartisan jury. Surely there are such judges in Kentucky, and it is a poor commonwealth indeed if it cannot furnish twelve men who will weigh the evidence without political bias.

On the surface it does not appear that ex-Governor Taylor is asking overmuch, and if the men who profess to be desirous of unraveling the mystery of Goebel's assassination are honest, they will be only too glad to give him a fair trial. But the statement of ex-Governor Durbin, of Indiana, to the effect that an effort was made to bribe him to surrender Taylor, the amount specified being $93,000 remaining of the Goebel revenge fund; and the further fact that every attempt of Cabel Pawers to secure a trial before an unprejudiced jury has failed, would seem to indicate that Taylor's fears are well founded and his judgment sound.

CHARLEY HASKELL'S CAMPAIGN.

There must be two Charley Haskells. Down in Oklahoma there is a Charley Haskell who is making the race for governor on the Democratic ticket.

He is conducting his campaign on an anti-corporation, anti-railroad platform. He is championing the cause of the "dear people." He is appealing for support to the long-haired, populistic element in the territory now about to become a state.

He tells the people down there that he is from Northwestern Ohio and that he formerly lived at Ottawa and Toledo and that as he used to be a farmer he is now deeply interested in protecting that class against corporate greed.

The fact is this same Charley Haskell is a product of Northwestern Ohio and did live in Ottawa and later in Toledo. He prided himself while here on being the original Bryan man and the first to raise the banner of free silver.

Haskell wrote the free silver plank in the Democratic platform in 1894 down in the Fifth district when John S. Snook was first named for Congress. Haskell talked of free silver to the farmers of that district until it was known throughout the state as the hotbed of Bryanism.

But by the time Bryan was nominated in 1896 Haskell was a free silverite in name only. Then it was he became interested in the Lima Northern road and spent much of his time in the East. While publicly protesting that he was a free silver Democrat he actually was opposed to Bryan, because he could not endorse the free silver and anti-injunction planks in the Democratic platform and made it convenient to be in New York election day, that he might not vote.

No, this man Haskell was not doing any great amount of farming up here in Ohio. In this campaign he insists he was never a promoter. That was his business in Ohio and New York and he learned the game under the tutorship of that adept, Calvin S. Brice. Haskell was a railroad promoter and a railroad wrecker and while in Ohio was as smooth an individual in that business as in politics.

It is no surprise for Haskell's friends in Ohio to learn that down in Oklahoma he is pretending to be what he is not. Long ago The Blade advised the people to keep an eye on Haskell and this suggestion holds good now in the Southwest as it formerly did in Toledo.

Oklahoma should start right in her statehood career. It does not want for its first governor a man who sails under false colors. Better elect the Republican candidate if he is known to be all right.

THE LIFE AND THE SACRIFICE.

On Thursday of last week, in the city where he was foully assassinated, the state of New York dedicated a memorial shaft erected to the memory of the lamented William McKinley.

On September 30, in the beautiful cemetery at Canton, the Ohio city in which McKinley resided during the greater part of his public life, President Roosevelt will dedicate a magnificent chapel, built from the contributions of a loving people and designed for the final resting place of the martyr's mortal remains.

The two events, less than a month apart, commemorate the life and the sacrifice of William McKinley. The greater part of his earthly existence was dedicated to the public service, and when he died at the hands of an assassin he died not because he was William McKinley, but because he was President of the United States.

The structures of enduring stone are something more than mute expressions of a people's gratitude and of a people's sorrow. It was not the manner of his death that endeared McKinley to his fellows, but the manner of his living. The innate purity of his life, his knowledge of the American mind, and the use to which he put this knowledge, his courage, his unbending fidelity to duty and his never-retreating patriotism combined to mark him high on the scale of public esteem, and make his life an example worthy of emulation.

These monuments, then, that have been dedicated and are to be dedicated are not mere memorials to William McKinley, but silent monitors to the citizenship of the nation.

SAN FRANCISCO'S REDEMPTION.

In everyone of the three San Francisco primaries—Republican, Democratic and Labor Union—the issue was made between the corruptionists and the foes of corruption. The representatives of honest government in the Republican primary received 7,915 votes as against 4,539 for their opponents; in the Democratic primary, 1,991 as against 1,652 for the opposition, and in the Union Labor primary, 1,950 votes as against 3,536 votes which were cast for the ticket headed by a defender of the notorious Schmitz.

The result of the Union Labor primary is a keen disappointment to the foes of corruption although that political organization must not be regarded as representative of the laboring men. Schmitz was largely instrumental in evolving the Union Labor party, and it is natural, therefore, that he should have a large following, and yet it would seem that the developments of the last few months should convince his old friends that he has betrayed them and no longer deserves consideration.

But in the matter of that city's municipal life, it is eminently proper to ignore practically the lines of party. For men of all political faiths have joined forces in the campaign to drive out the corruptionists, just as they have been opposed by citizens of all political faiths. It is fair to assume then that in the approaching election the real friends of good government will not divide their strength because of political differences, but will rally to the ticket that promises the best results.

Compare the total vote of the three primaries and we have 11,915 cast for good government and 9,127 for a return to the old system, a small margin when one takes into account the importance of the issues involved. But there is hope that organized labor will protest against being placed on record as an ally of retrogression by the party that has been recruited chiefly from its ranks. This will be demonstrated only when it is possible to analyze the election returns. It is a truth not to be overlooked that the laboring element of a municipality is proportionately the greatest sufferer from official graft.

THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN.

Congressman Fowler, of New Jersey, when asked the other day what was the duty of Republicans, epitomized his reply as follows: "To comprehend the public conscience and execute the public will." In these few words he expressed an obligation which should control, not Republicans alone, but every good citizen, no matter what his political faith.

The man who correctly "comprehends the public conscience" cannot go far astray either in his private life or in his relations with his fellow man.

The official who faithfully "executes the public will" merits and will receive the approbation of the community in which he lives. Law is an expression of the public will, and its enforcement is essential to good government. He who takes it upon himself to determine which of the laws made by the people shall be enforced and which disregarded, is violating his oath of office and assuming a responsibility that has never been delegated to him. This is not to say that all laws are wise or just, but as long as they remain on the statute books, they are the will of the people. A fearless enforcement of them will reveal those that may not be adapted to conditions or that are fundamentally unjust, and such the people will promptly repeal.

If every citizen of Toledo should make Congressman Fowler's epigram the guide for his individual conduct, we would have harmony in our business life and nothing more than honest differences in our political life. Our officials would enforce the laws and trust to the people to repeal those which proved to be unwise or harmful to the general public.

And we would hear less about the cruelty of the law. It is not the purpose of the state to enact laws which will incite fear, but laws that will command respect, and it is always safe to let the public conscience determine whether a law is cruel in its provisions or necessary to the common welfare.

HARVEY AND WILLIAM.

Recently Harvey Garber was reported as saying that Bryan would be a candidate for president in 1908. If Mr. Garber denied the truth of the statement at the time it escaped our notice.

But on Wednesday Bryan was in Cincinnati and when his attention was called to the alleged interview he promptly declared that he had never authorized anyone to say that he would be a candidate.

This blunt challenge might have floored a less astute politician than Mr. Garber, but he never flinched. Instead, he promptly seconded the motion of his chief and charged the inaccuracy up to the interviewer. In corroboration he produced a copy of what he declares he said at the time, and it was to the effect that Mr. Bryan would not decline the nomination. Then Mr. Garber explodes this bit of commonplace: "He is not competent to answer it. It is for the people, the Democrats of the nation to say whether Colonel Bryan or some other man shall be their candidate next year. • • • He is not attempting and will not attempt to dictate its candidate or nominee to the next Democratic national convention."

And yet it will not be an easy matter to convince Democratic statesmen that Mr. Bryan has not already placed the party in a hypnotic state to pander to his own personal ambition. We shall see later.

CHICAGO BOMB THROWERS.

The recent activities of the dynamiter in Chicago, and the failure of the police authorities to punish anyone for the numerous outrages, have aroused the indignation of the prosecuting attorney, who has instituted an investigation.

Only by a chain of fortuitous circumstances have the bombs failed to kill, although in every case considerable damage has been done to property. In two or three instances the object of the dynamiter's wrath was a gambler, and there is reason to believe he had incurred the enmity of some of the fraternity, who had tried in vain to blackmail him.

But the other day a bomb was exploded near the house of a former sheriff of Cook county.

And on Wednesday the show-window of a State street merchant was shattered by a bomb supposed to have been thrown by a woman.

The use of dynamite as an agent of blackmail and of the assassin is becoming so frequent that it would seem to be necessary to place the same restrictions about its sale that we place about the sale of firearms and poison. The common murderer, who uses the gun or the knife, is a saint compared with the bomb thrower. The former singles out his victim, while the latter does not hesitate to imperil the lives of a dozen that he may visit his vengeance on one.

There is not a citizen in Chicago who can feel a sense of security in his home as long as these dastards of the deadly bomb are at large.

STUPENDOUS FIGURES.

A billion dollars is a lot of money. You never saw such an amount, and you never will.

A million is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary person, but when one tries to think of a thousand millions his thinking apparatus becomes bewildered.

According to the preliminary report on crops gathered by the American Agriculturalist, the earnings of the farmers of this country this year are, not a billion dollars, but a billion dollars in excess of what they were last year, and 1906 was a bumper year.

The crop production in general is not as great as last year; in fact, it is estimated at 10 per cent. less. But the increased prices are making the farmers wealthier than ever.

These are, indeed, golden years for the farmer. Never before did he make so much money. The increase in farm values is enormous. While his assets are larger, his debts are less. He has more money than ever before and he owes less.

The farmer is spending more money because he has it to spend. He is buying and breeding better stock, buying more and better farm machinery, and is in the market for all kinds of merchandise, much of which, until recently, he thought could be possessed only by those who possess great fortunes.

The country can laugh at the little flurries down on Wall street so long as the earnings of the farmers are increasing at the rate of a billion dollars a year.

GOETHALS AT PANAMA.

Colonel Goethals is making the dirt fly at Panama.

The record for August, in spite of the fact that there was a rainfall of nearly twelve inches, is a new one. The total excavation was nearly 1,275,000 cubic yards.

In July the Panama forces removed considerably over a million cubic yards from the canal.

When these facts became known to the President, he cabled Goethals a message of congratulation. The canal he regards as one of the greatest achievements of his administration. The unfortunate delays of its early conception only intensified his desire for an early completion of the canal.

Slow progress was made under Goethals' predecessors, but he seems to have grasped the importance of accomplishing things. Apparently there is little friction on the Isthmus. The health of the employes is excellent, their treatment has been improved, and all seem imbued with the energy of their chief.

It will surprise no one if Colonel Goethals completes the great project well within schedule time.

YOUNG MEN FOR WAR.

The decision of the administration to retire the aged captains in command of war ships and replace them with younger men, has created a stir in naval circles, although it should not be wholly unexpected, in view of recent expressions from high sources.

According to report, when Admiral Evans leads his mighty fleet around the Horn, he will have with him not more than five of the veterans who have grown gray in the naval service. At least thirteen, and possibly fourteen, captains who are approaching the age of retirement will be detached for shore duty.

The plan of the administration is to do away with the custom of conferring a rear admiralship on a man only when he has about reached the age of retirement. Under the new regime, Uncle Sam's navy will have rear admirals with years of service before them. This determination is in no wise a reflection on any of the brave men affected by this order, but is the inauguration of a policy which it is thought will greatly increase the efficiency of our navy.

It is the application of a common sense principle that merit and not age should govern promotions in the navy, as it does in every other line of human endeavor.

IS IT WISE OR NECESSARY.

The details of this nation's great naval maneuver are no longer a secret. Sixteen battleships will leave Hampton Roads on December 15 for the trip around the lower hemisphere, and are expected to arrive at the Golden Gate on April 10. The fleet will cover, during this stage of the journey, 13,770 knots, in actual sailing time of 63 days, the remainder of the period being consumed at the various stations, including a month's target practice in Magdalena Bay.

At San Francisco the fleet will be joined by the battleships, cruisers and other ships which constitute the Pacific squadron, the whole making a naval display the like of which the world has never seen.

How long the demonstration will last has not been determined, but it is understood that the return trip will be made through the Suez canal and the Mediterranean, so that when Admiral Evans reports in person at Washington, his flagship will have made the circuit of the globe.

Unfortunately, we poor laymen cannot know all the mysteries of government, and it may be that the administration is executing a masterly coup that will reflect credit upon it and save us a world of impending trouble. In that case we are to assume that our relations with other countries are not so friendly as we have been led to believe, and that there is some danger of an invasion from the far west. We are told that the mobilization of the battleships on the Pacific coast is to be an object lesson to the world, to demonstrate the facility with which this nation can adjust its naval armor to any emergency. There can be only one conclusion, and it is that the attitude of Japan is too aggressive to afford us perfect security.

For what other construction will justify this perilous step? Not only will the trip entail enormous expense, but there is one foe against which the fleet will be powerless. Man has not created a ship that can measure strength with the elements in their angriest mood, and this program, which might involve the practical destruction of the flower of the American navy at a single blow, seems foolhardy, except that circumstances warrant it. And it must be seen that these circumstances should be actual and pressing, not imaginary or remote, else the risk is not well taken.

Another version is that the administration has in view to request of congress appropriations for a considerable addition to the naval strength of the country, and that this movement is to be a demonstration of a possible contingency. In case of war with Japan, every ship of the present fleet would be needed in Pacific waters and our Atlantic coast would be practically defenseless. The maneuver, according to this view, is being made for the purpose of pointing out to members of congress the utter inadequacy of our present fleet. But we cannot accept this explanation with any degree of seriousness. If this is the sole purpose for exposing most of our navy to the perils of a trip around the world, we fear congress will balk when its members count the cost of the expedition.

Senator Foraker announces that he has not quit fighting, which is reasonable and fair to all concerned.

There are in jail in this country 81,722 persons. There are no statistics to show the number of persons who ought to be in jail.

CURRENT EVENTS

Methodist foreign mission schools have over 70,000 pupils.

A Hindoo prince is a candidate for the football team at Cornell.

Niagara Falls as a power generating plant is worth $46,000,000 a year.

Chicago banks send millions of dollars West to aid in crop movement.

Ten million people have opened accounts with the postoffice savings banks of England.

Nevada seems destined to forge to the first place in the production of precious metals.

Occupation by Japan of an island within 120 miles of the Philippines makes a stir at Washington.

Colorado, Montana and Utah have shown a decided decline in the production of precious metals.

Edward Hagerup Grieg, famous Norwegian composer and pianist, dies in Bergen, his native city.

The government bureau of plant industry finds that ground granite makes excellent fertilizer.

Quarrel of rival drivers' union stops a funeral in New York and police are called to settle the trouble.

West Point commander threatened to dismiss entire class unless hazing of member was stopped.

Mayor Becker, of Milwaukee, intimates that he will in a short time be a full-fledged candidate for governor.

There is an average of one child killed every three days in New York city by being run over by vehicles.

Congressman Burton will be the Republican candidate for mayor of Cleveland in opposition to Tom Johnson.

Lewis Glass, vice president of Pacific Telephone company, sentenced to five years in prison for bribery.

A strong sentiment favoring Roosevelt for a third term as President is seen by Secretary Straus during a trip.

Mob at Bellingham, Wash., beats scores of Hindoos and drives out hundreds, who start tramping toward Canada.

The steel sleeping cars which the Pullman company is building will weigh 25 per cent more than the present cars.

Hetty Green's son has become a leading oil operator in Texas and proposes to be known hereafter as E. H. R. Green.

Queen Alexandra has just opened in London several new buildings of the Hostel of St. Luke, a charity intended for sick clergy.

New York thief confesses that a member of his gang was thrown into the river and drowned by his pals for not dividing spoils fairly.

William J. Bryan will make a speech-making tour of New York under the auspices of the Progressive Democratic League.

Mrs. Phillips, widow of the coal man and banker murdered in Cleveland by a burglar, according to first report, is held by the police.

Archaeologists have discovered the marble quarries which supplied the material for the famous Temple of Diana of the Ephesians.

As near as can be ascertained, the unappropriated and unreserved public lands of the United States amount to 792,238,707 acres.

Governor Davidson, of Wisconsin, commutes life sentence of woman on claims of innocence by friends after serving sixteen years in prison.

At the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., 965 prisoners are engaged in building around and over them the very prison in which they will be confined.

The most northerly railway in the world will soon be opened for traffic on the island of Spitzbergen. The line is about eighteen miles long.

In parts of northern Australia the natives live chiefly on the rats which swarm everywhere, and on a diminutive species of dog hardly larger than a rat.

Railroad officials fear a repetition of the coal famine in the Northwest and will call Commissioner Lane in an inquiry which he has started in St. Paul.

There will be about ten thousand more pupils in the public schools of New York city this month than there were one year ago, at the opening of the schools.

Missouri Pacific Railroad company claims in court bill that federal and not state authority is in control of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce.

Moroccan situation threatens to involve France in diplomatic difficulties, Germany taking a decided stand against extensive military operations by the allies.

India has 4,835,947 acres of irrigated land in the Punjab, an increase of 463,551 acres in one year. The crops are mainly wheat, sugar cane, grain and winter oil seeds.

Mobs attack Ferdinand P. Earle, of Monroe, N. Y., when he ships his wife and baby off to France, where the woman is to get a divorce that he may be married to his "affinity."

Dr. Longstaffe, who is mountaineering in the Himalayas with two guides and a Gurkha officer, has reached the summit of Trisul, 28,406 feet. This is the record for the Himalayas.

More persons crossed the Atlantic ocean from this side during the first six months of the present year than during any other similar period. There were 31,000 steerage passengers in that time.

William J. Bryan, in a speech at Oklahoma City, in reply to Secretary Taft, advised the people of the territory to accept the proposed constitution and not rely on promises of a new enabling act.

Development of the country's water ways on plans to be outlined by the inland waterways commission will have great result, says Senator Newlands, in a speech before the National Irrigation Congress, at Sacramento, Cal.

The latest figures available, those for June, show that the gross earnings of railroads operating over 93,500 miles amounted, in that month, to $82,056,350, the gain over June, 1906 being $9,700,423 or 13.4 per cent.

It is estimated that 21,000,000 acres are available for rice growing in Louisiana and Texas, and the value of such crop would be $400,000,000. This would make the rice crop fifth in point of value among the cereals of this country.

Some time ago a woolen manufacturer in the North of England succeeded in making a fabric from old ropes. He obtained a quantity of old rope and cordage, unraveled them and wove them by a secret process into a kink of rough cloth.

Governor G. W. Carter, of Hawaii, says: "Japan would fight the United States at the drop of the hat should the occasion arise, and you can take it from me that Uncle Sam would know it was more than a slight tickling in the ribs before he got through with the trouble."

A report is being circulated in Washington that President Roosevelt, dissatisfied with the peace conference at The Hague, will call a conference of his own, assembling the ambassadors of the powers accredited to Washington to take up great questions.

Seventeen of the largest manufacturers of pictorial postal cards in Austria and Germany have combined to raise the price of their production 6 to 7 per cent, and their customers, numbering about 700 wholesale firms, have resolved to make the retail dealers bear this advance.

Where the trouble is physical, such as failure of an organ, indigestion, congestion or the liver and so on, strong, firm, martial music will give best results, according to Dr. Latson, editor of Health Culture. For this class of treatment the key of C major is particularly recommended.

Germany's war in southwest Africa has cost $50,000,000, which has been spent overcoming the resistance of one or two native tribes. Eighty-six commissioned officers were killed and the non-commisioned officers numbered 229; rank and file, 1,167; total, 1,482. Among the colonial troops 16 officers and 195 men perished.

Since last December there has been an average fall of prices of stocks equal to over $40 a share in the case of railroad shares and of $27 in the case of industrial shares. Apply this to the entire capitalization of stocks and bonds of the railroad and industrial corporations of the country, and the apparent depreciation in prices amounts to about five billions of dollars.

There is much actual gold still to be discovered in the South, but the cotton grown annually by that section is worth far more than all the gold and silver produced in the world in the same time. Between 1901 and 1906, for instance, the total value of the world's gold and silver output was $2,696,686,400, and the total value of the cotton crop of the South, including seed, in the same period was $3,669,000,000, a difference in favor of cotton in the six years of $1,062,313,600.

AGE OF DISCRETION.

Senator Dillingham, discussing immigration in New York, made use of the phrase, "the age of discretion."

"What is the 'age of discretion,' senator?" asked one of his auditors.

"I should say," returned Senator Dillingham, smiling, "that the age of discretion is reached when a young man removes from his mantel the rich collection of actresses' and dancing girls' photographs and substitutes the portrait of his rich bachelor uncle."—Washington Star.

TO CELEBRATE OHIO DA

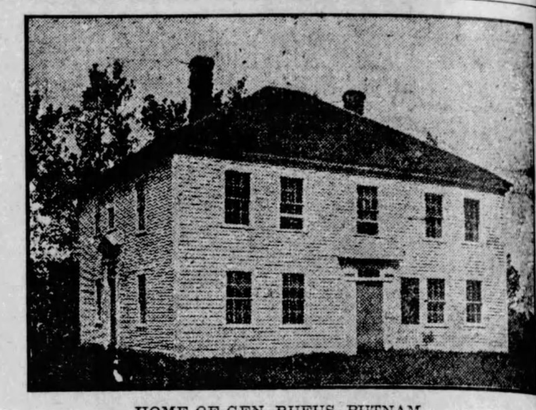
Anniversary of Departure of Rufus Putnam Fro Vermont to Western Wilds.

The observance of Ohio day in Rutland, Saturday, September 14, is planned to be the most important in the history of this hill-top village.

At almost the precise geographical centre of Massachusetts stands a dwelling typical of those in which lived a century and a half ago leading citizens of the more important of our country towns.

This particular dwelling was built about the middle of the 18th century by the Tory colonel, John Murray, who came from Ireland and was a wealthy land owner and prominent citizen of Rutland. The house was confiscated at the close of the revolution and was afterward bought by Gen. Rufus Putnam, who lived there from 1781 to 1788.

Rutland is now known, historically, as the "Cradle of Ohio," for it was Gen. Putnam who planned and matured the Ohio company, which went out into the then wild western country and settled the town of Marietta in 1788.



HOME OF GEN. RUFUS PUTNAM.

Gen. Putnam was a soldier of the old French war, an engineer of the works which compelled the British army to evacuate Boston, was engineer of the fortification of West Point, and was founder and father of Ohio.

From this famous house was issued the call for the convention which led to the organization of the Ohio company, and over the threshold of this house he went to lead that company to the great northwest.

The plans, which are being made for the observance of Ohio day on September 14, are in charge of a committee of the Rufus Putnam Memorial association, composed of Edwin D. Mead, chairman, Boston; Arthur F. Estabrook, Boston, and Nathaniel Paine, Worcester.

The program of the day's observance will include a representation of the departure of Gen. Rufus Putnam and the party of farmers from the Rufus Putnam house for Ohio.

This will be carried out by the Rutland Historical society, under the direction of a committee consisting of the Rev. James A. Solandt, Charles R. Bartlet, Henry Converse, H. Edward Wheeler and Louis Hamft.

The names of the party which these Rutland farmers and wives and children will represent are Gen. Rufus Putnam, his two sons, William Rufus, Edwin, his five daughters, Elizabeth Persis, Abigail, Patty, Katherine, his hired men William Branning, Samuel Porter.

Others in the party were Christopher Burlinggame, wife and daughters, Maria and Susanna, Israel Sco wife and children, Benjamin Fra Sardine, Matilda, Lydia, Israel, Ad tus, Christopher Columbus and Polly Buckley, Samuel Bridge Charles Mills.

This party went with three ox te two yokes of oxen to each team, two-horse carriage and Gen. Putn saddle horse. They took four c and one bull.

After the parade, which will place in the morning, there will luncheon and at two o'clock a p meeting will be held in Town ha which President Carroll D. Wright Clark college, Worcester, will pre he having succeeded Senator Geo Hoar as president of the Rufus

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The principal address will be m by Prof. James K. Hosmer on "England and the West." Prof. Hos author of the Life of Samuel Ad History of the Mississipi Valley other historical works, although in Connecticut has lived beside Mississippi as professor in Washin university, St. Louis, and head of Minneapolis public library.

His address will be preceded words of greeting from represe tives of the Western Society of Bo and the Ohio Society of New Yo

This day will be the inaugurati regular annual observances of day at Rutland. It was through efforts of Senator Hoar and others this memorial was secured.

During the latter days of his there was no chapter in history which Senator Hoar dwelt more fo than that which deals with the m ment from New England to the g west a century ago; and there wa New Englander of that period name was oftener on his lips that of Rufus Putnam, the head of Ohio company, which was organize Boston almost at the precise tim the adoption of the ordinance of prohibiting slavery in the north sachusetts men, who, in 1788, set Marietta on the Ohio.

How Bernhardt Served Her Country in the Franco-German W

And now the indefatigable Sarah has taken her pen in hand once more. This time she wries in Appleton's Magazine an uncommonly interesting article on her experiences as an impromptu hospital nurse during the Franco-German war. After a graphic description of the scenes in Paris after the surrender of the French at Sedan, Mme. Bernhardt writes:

"We then arranged for the departure of the whole family, with the exception of myself, as I wanted to stay in Paris during the siege. My mother, my little boy and his nurse, my sisters, my Aunt Annette, who kept house for me, and my mother's maid were all ready to start a few days later. It was the first time I had been separated from the little child, who was dearer to me than the whole world.

"The idea never for an instant occurred to me that I might have gone away with him. I thought that I might be of some use in Paris. It seemed to me that everyone who was well ought to stay in Paris. For some days I was perfectly dazed, missing the usual life around me and missing the affection of those I loved. The defense, however, was being organized, and I decided to use my strength and intelligence in tending the wounded.

"The question was, Where could we install a hospital? The Odeon theatre had closed its doors, but I moved heaven and earth to get permission to organize a military hospital there, and, thanks to Emile de Girardin and Duquesnal, my wish was granted. I went to the war office and my offers were accepted.

"I organized my hospital with a very small staff. My cook was installed in the public foyer. I had bought her an immense cooking range, so that she could make soups and herb tea for 50 men. Her husband was chief attendant. I had given him two assistants, and Mme. Guerard, Mme. Lambquin and I were the nu Two of us sat up at night, so that each went to bed every third night preferred this to taking on some wo whom I did not know.

"Mme. Lambquin belonged to Odeon, where she used to take the of the duennas. My various friends were on service at the fortifications o to me in their free time to do my s tarial work. I had to keep a book, w was shown every day to a sergeant came from the Val-de-Grace mil hospital, giving all details as to many men came into our hospital, many died and how many recovered left. Paris was in a state of siege, no one could go far outside the w and no news from outside could be ceived. Baron Larrey came now then to see me, and I had, as head geon, Dr. Duchesne, who gave up whole time, night and day, during five months that this truly frig nightmare lasted.

"I cannot recall those terrible without the deepest emotion. It wa longer the country in danger that my nerves strung up, but the suffe of all her children. There were all who were away fighting, those who brought in to us wounded or dying noble women of the people, who stood hours and hours in line to get the ne sary dole of bread, meat and milk their poor little ones at home. Ah! poor women. I could see them from theatre windows, pressing up close each other, blue with cold and stam their feet on the ground to keep from freezing, for that winter was most cruel one we had had for 20 y Frequently one of these poor, silent lines was brought in to me, either swoon from fatigue or half frozen.

"My hospital was full. and was obliged to improvise ten The soldiers were installed in the foyer and in the general foyer, and officers in a room formerly used fo freshments."

Fairbanks Cocktail a Recrudescenc

The discussion or outcry about Vice President Fairbanks' caterer's cocktails has gone on too long to be entertaining, except as it recalls some teetotal peculiarities. In Mr. Hayes' administration intemperance was the rule, for no wine was permitted at the executive table, and an intemperate attempt to regulate other people's appetites governed the country. An order was issued forbidding the presence of distilled liquors on board of warships. The result was circumnavigation. Once when a prominent member of the administration visited a warship anchored off the Washington navy yard, it was wet through by the rain which fell as it was rowed to the ship, says Harper's Weekly.

"Can't you give me a drop of whisky, captain?" said the august potentate.

"I can't, sir; it's against Order No. 1," replied the grave captain; "but I can give you some navy sherry."

When the potentate tasted the brown stuff he winked.

John Long pursued the idea a little farther. It had long been the custom in the navy to give the sailors beer at one of their meals. John Long forbade it. The consequence was not circumnavigation; it was drunkenness. When the men got shore leave they drank enough to last them for a good while, and then return to the ship; they were returned it in bundles. A like result followed ab

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The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

No. 1825—Ladies' Waist. This pretty shirt waist of pink linen is a good basis for needlework. The collar and cuffs edged with narrow lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2043—Ladies' Surplice Jumper, in blue chiffon taffetas trimmed with Persian embroidery. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 2018—Ladies' Tucked Night Gown, trimmed with wide insertions of Hamburg embroidery. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

No. 1463—Ladies' Waist, with a separate yoke, guimpe and long or three-quarter length sleeves. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1739—Misses' Shirt Waist, with diagonal closing in pique, nun's veiling or flannel. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1733—Girls' Plaited Blouse Dress, in Scotch plaid, with separate guimpe of silk. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1808—Ladies' Guimpe with high neck or Dutch round or square neck, and long or three-quarter length sleeves. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

No. 1499—Ladies' Fifteen-Gored Box Plaited Skirt, stitched in tuck effect at the seams above box plaits. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1372—Ladies' Empire Dressing Sack, in flowered silk, trimmed with insertion. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1328—Girls' Norfolk Coat in dark green cloth, with velvet collar and belt. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1619—Ladies' Military Jacket, in dark blue lady's cloth, trimmed with black braid. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

No. 2031—Misses' Yoke Waist, with high or low neck, long or three-quarter length sleeves. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2017—Misses' Box Plaited Shirt Waist, suitable for heavy linen, madras, pique or thin worsted goods. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1346—Misses' Seven-Gored Princess Skirt. The wide tucks and the shirred corslet are adaptable to thin materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1615—Ladies' Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. In Henrietta cloth, or broadcloth it is a favorite model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 2000—Child's Low Necked, One-Piece Dress, made in delft blue linen, embroidered in white. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

No. 1649—Girls' Double-Breasted Box Coat in brown cloth, combined with plaid. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1857—Ladies' Shirt Waist, in jasper taffetas combined with filet lace. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1859—Ladies' Jumper, closed at back, in mohair, silk, serge or velveteen. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1794—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, with straight flounce and medium sweep, to be tucked or gathered at top. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1551—Ladies' Seven-Gored Flare Skirt, in round or ankle length. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1924—Ladies' Yoke Shirt Waist of tan crepe de Chine, embroidered in brown and trimmed with lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1376—Ladies' Waist, closed at left side of front, with full or three-quarter length sleeves. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

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THE BLADE . . . . TOLEDO, OHIO

SERVE WARRANT ON SENATOR BORAH

He and Others Charged With Conspiracy to Defraud the Government in Land Deals.

Boise, Idaho, Sept. 5.—The indictment returned last April by the federal grand jury against Senator Wm. E. Borah and other prominent men charging conspiracy to defraud the United States government, was served on the defendants yesterday.

Besides Borah, the indictment includes Frank Martin, attorney general of Idaho, under Governor Steunenberg's administration; J. T. Barber and Sumner G. Moon, millionaire stockholders of the Barber Lumber company, residing in Wisconsin; J. I. Wells, John Kincaid, L. M. Pritchard, William Sweet, Albert M. Palmer and H. S. Rand.

The indictment charges that these persons entered into a conspiracy in September, 1901, and at various other times to procure, by fraudulent entry, timber lands in Boise county, Idaho.

Senator Borah has been accorded the privilege of a separate trial.

The case for the government will be conducted by B. M. Burch, of Denver, and S. R. Rush, of Omaha.

Mr. Rush is special assistant attorney general representing the department of justice. He has relieved District Attorney Ruick in these cases.

Irregular Development of Railroads

Nothing illustrates more forcibly the hit or miss principle upon which American railroads have developed than the fact that the matter of increase in weight of rolling stock has just been brought into the subject of rail quality and rail section, says the Iron Trade Review. It would appear from the discussions in conventions that it has remained for the railmakers to point out to the railroad interests that they have increased the weight and speed of locomotives to a greater extent than they have increased the weight of the rails upon which they run. A railroad is an entity, the parts of which should certainly be proportioned, yet it looks as if it were only now that the necessity of proportioning the locomotive to the rail, or the rail to the locomotive, is being carefully studied.

The railroad engineers balked so at any large increase in the rail section that it would appear that if they had known that such an increase would have been required by the rolling stock they have put upon the rails, they would not have introduced that rolling stock at all. An enormous increase in investment is required by any increase in the rail section, and it certainly is a question whether the game is worth the powder. All this, however, appears to be an after consideration. Development is continued independently along different lines until there is a clash, as at present, and then the inter-relations begin to be studied.

$200,000 FOR EDUCATION.

Widow of Harvard Professor Leaves Bequests to Schools.

Boston, Sept. 7.—The will of Mrs. Margaret E. Langdell, widow of Prof. C. C. Langdell, of the Harvard law school, made public yesterday afternoon, leaves nearly $200,000 for religious and educational purposes.

The bequests include $50,000 to Phillips-Exeter academy and $25,000 to the Harvard law school, in each case for scholarships; $10,000 to St. Mark's church, Coldwater, Mich., and a number of smaller bequests for missions and other charitable works.

FARMERS WILL ORGANIZE

Already 300,000 Are Pledged to Co-operative League.

Society Has for Object Closer Relations Between Producer and Consumer.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6.—Plans to organize the farmers of the country in a co-operative movement, similar to the Rochdale plan in Great Britain, were perfected at a conference of farmers held in the Briggs house yesterday.

The leaders of the movement are officers of the American Society of Equity, better known as the Farmers' Union, and the new organization promises to supplant the old.

Already 300,000 farmers are pledged to the new organization, according to its sponsors, and it is probable that Chicago will become the central market and headquarters of the society.

Incorporated under the laws of New Jersey for $1,000,000, th new organization, which is known as the Producers' and Consumers' International Equity Union and Co-Operative Exchange, proposes to establish markets in every city in the country for the distribution of farm products on a co-operative plan.

The officers of the organization are:

President—George W. Wickline, St. Louis.

Vice President and Organizer—John Mulholland. Indianapolis.

Secretary—Rev. J. F. Tuohy, St. Louis.

Treasurer—Thomas Emmerton, Wisconsin.

The board of directors, members of which attended the conference yesterday, is composed of N. C. Crawley and S. D. Kump, Wisconsin; M. W. Tubbs and Charles Spear, Indiana; Erwin Ball, Michigan; T. S. Morrell, Minnesota; J. B. Whiting, New York; W. S. McAdam, Missiouri; and Thomas G. Nelson, North Dakota.

Whether the society is to work in harmony with the American Society of Equity or whether it will absorb it depends on the outcome of a convention which will be held in Indianapolis, Oct. 22. All of the officers of the American Society of Equity, with the exception of its president, J. A. Everitt, are in sympathy with the new movement.

The principal object of the society is to bring the producer and consumer closer together on lines of equity and the "square deal."

AERONAUT FELL INTO SEA

After Thrilling Ride Through a Dense Fog.

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 4.—Enveloped in a dense fog which chilled him to the bone, John Maloney, a Boston aeronaut, was thrown into the sea by his balloon, two miles off Fishermen's Beach, Swampscott, last night, and for more than an hour was swept back and forth in the water until his cries were heard by life savers and the fishermen on shore who went to his rescue.

Maloney made an ascension from Nahant in a hot air balloon in the presence of a large crowd, about 8:30 o'clock last night. For more than an hour nothing was heard from the aeronaut until some miles away on the Swampscott shore cries of "help" were heard. The life saving station at Nahant was notified, and several Swampscott fishermen set off in their boats. After a long search two of them found Maloney almost unconscious, clinging to the flat folds of his balloon.

SHORTEST WILL ON RECORD.

Baltimore Sept. 4.—The shortest will on record is that of Dr. Albert B. Lyman, which was filed for probate in the orphans' court yesterday. With one sentence "I give everything to my wife," the testator disposed of his entire estate, and then, fearing complications might arise to give his wife trouble in administering the estate, some years later he executed a codicil containing just four words and making more complete the one sentence in the will. The codicil reads: "And name her executrix."

BATTLE AT CASABLANCA

Eight French Killed, Including Two Officers.

Casablanca, Tuesday, Sept. 3.—Eight Frenchmen were killed and 17 wounded in an engagement yesterday outside the camp. The dead include Major Prevost, of the first battalion of the foreign legion, and Lieutenant Benizzas, of the second battalion of Algerian sharpshooters. The Moors concentrated the largest force they had yet mustered in this vicinity and returned to the attack again and again after encountering the deadly fire of the French artillery and machine guns. The enemy's losses are described as enormous. The fighting was started by an attack made by the Moors on a French scouting party.

Tazzi Brothers Killed.

Casablanca, Sept. 3.—Letters received here from Fez declare that the Tazzi brothers, Abdelkrim Ben Sliman, the Moroccan foreign minister, and Ganim, the sultan's second representative at Tangier, have been assassinated by partisans of the Caid of Mechaur, the official who introduces ambassadors to the court of the sultan.

The Tazzi brothers exercised almost complete domination over the sultan and to them is attributed the ruin of the empire. It is alleged that they sought only their personal aggrandizement. Their fortune is counted by millions and is said to be sufficient to pay the entire debt of Morocco.

Some time ago the Caid of Mechaur was on the point of killing the Tazzi brothers in the presence of the sultan. The name of the caid is Driss Ben Aich and he is a descendant of the Bujaris, one of the four tribes which founded the Moroccan monarchy.

SEC. WILSON WELCOMES

Delegates to the International Zoological Congress.

Washington, Sept. 4.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and District Commissioner West today welcomed to Washington the fifty or sixty delegates to the recent International Zoological Congress who are visiting the city.

In his speech of welcome Secretary Wilson spoke especially of the many courtesies extended by the scientists of the world to the representatives of his department sent abroad in search of information and he expressed much pleasure at meeting so many of the dstinguished men who have thus placed this country under obligation to them.

Mr. Wilson reviewed the scientific work of this government especially in zoology. He said that congress annually appropriated about $5,000,000 for the sustenance of the three zoological bureaus of the agricultural department, and expressed the opinion that no appropriation is bringing better returns than this. M. Rappael Marchand, of France, responded in behalf of the delegation, expressing appreciation of the many courtesies extended to them and saying that their pleasure in visiting the United States had been great. The delegation spent most of the day visiting places of interest in and about Washington.

VENEZUELAN DELEGATE

Is Recalled From The Hague Peace Conference.

The Hague, Sept. 4.—Senor Jos Gil Fortoul, Venezuelan minister to Germany and head of the Venezuelan delegation to the peace conference, has received a cable message from the Venezuelan government ordering him to withdraw from the conference and return to Berlin. He thinks there was delay in transmitting this instruction, due to the dispute between the Venezuelan government and the French Cable company, necessitating sending messages by a roundabout route.

Senor Fortoul cabled to his government explaining the present situation here, but he does not expect an answer for several days.

Catarrh Cure Free

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That Is Catarrh and I Can Cure It.

Let Me Send You a Free Trial Package

This Picture Is Awful, Catarrh Is Even Worse.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 484 Main st., Marshall, Mich. Simply send your name and address with this notice, and the trial package will be sent free by return mail.

CHINAMEN PRAY TO STATUE OF LIBERTY

Crew of Vessel From China Burn Incense and Chant on Entering New York Harbor.

New York, Sept. 4.—When the thirty-seven members of the Chinese crew of the Braemar, a tramp steamship, found themselves under the shadow of the statue of liberty yesterday morning at sunrise, they rushed pell mell below decks, returned presently in solemn state, and while their braids wiggled in the wind, kow-tow-ed and burned incense before the giant figure. It was the biggest idol they had ever seen, they declared afterward, and they felt they owed it reverence despite the fact that it was some thousands of miles from home and was somewhat different from the deities they had been accustomed to seeing.

Captain L. S. Saxby and the first officer, W. W. Clark, of the Braemar, which left Hong Kong on July 3, were surprised on looking for their crew, to find that no one of the Chinese sailors remained on deck. The haze had just lifted from the bay and the great statue stood revealed in all its grandeur. Hi Wen, interpreter for the crew, explained to the captain that a few minutes previously the Celestials had dropped everything and rushed below decks as if all the devils of Northern China were after them. They cast back glances at the towering figure of Liberty.

While Hi Wen was explaining this hysterical disappearance to the captain, the thirty-seven Chinamen passed through the forecastle gangway like a funeral procesion, each carrying joss sticks and turning his eyes toward heaven. All ranged themselves along the deck under the vry shadow of the Goddess of Liberty. There they stood for five minutes, chanting a Celestial prayer and bowing with true Oriental dignity.

"Chinaman no sabee Clist," said Hi Wen. "Him man allee same you and me; walkee 'round. Him big American joss. Him good."

When the sailors had paid their respects to the statue they returned to their work, but at intervals during the day they looked at the gigantic figure. They had never come to America before and they marveled. Hi Wen said, what they would find inland when they encountered such a wonder at the mere threshold of the country.

MAROONED OFFICERS CAN'T PAY DEBTS

Middies Who Scaled Walls to Entertain Members of Chorus Are Found Guilty.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Marooned in Samoa, so they cannot pay their debts, is the fate of the officers of the gunboat Annapolis, who are also ex-officio officers of the naval station at Pago Pago on the island of Tutuila, the fragment of the Samoan group allotted to the United States when America, Germany and Great Britain divided Samoa. Commander Charles B. T. Moore is naval governor and has with him about 15 officers and 200 enlisted men.

Acting Secretary Newberry received a letter from the exiles asking him to announce that not a registered letter has left Pago Pago for four months. They want this announcement made so that their creditors will know why they have not received the money due them. The registered letters have lain in Pago Pago postoffice since spring waiting for a mail ship that carried a postal clerk authorized to receipt for registered letters.

Only one officer on the ship has a bank account in this country against which he can draw checks. The officers who put their money into registered letters four months ago cannot get it back because they are not the addressees. They cannot buy checks of the officer who has a bank account, as he would have no way of getting the money they paid him credited him at the bank.

Ordinary mail comes through without delay because it is forwarded by regular steamers as freight.

SHOW GIRL SUPPER MEANS DISMISSAL

Registered Mail Remains in Pago Pago Postoffice Because There Is No Ship.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Wine, women and song have got at least two of four midshipmen of the navy in deep trouble, and the dismissal of each has been recommended by Capt. Badger, Superintendent of the Naval Academy.

Oscar S. Salb, appointed from Indiana, and Clarence C. Riner, from Wyoming, have asked the Secretary of the Navy for mercy. The evidence was that they scaled the walls of the academy, attended the theatre and then gave a supper to chorus girls. The supper is what most displeased Capt. Badger.

Riner and Salb hope to be forgiven because other midshipmen who have taken French leave over the walls have been punished by the imposition of fifty demerits. But Riner and Salb, who are both members of the fourth class, failed of promotion last year. Riner had 400 demerits to his discredit. At the beginning of this year he had a clean slate, but this sedateness disappeared upon the appearance of of the chorus girls. The temptation was too strong and Riner and Salb jumped the fence. They had a glorious time according to the testimony, and did not turn in until early next morning.

James E. Austin, first classman, appointed from New York, and his classmate, George F. Humbert, of Pennsylvania, were reported absent from their ship without leave during the practice cruise to Bath, Me., and have been called upon for an explanation, but have not answered.

Midshipman H. G. Wolf, appointed from Connecticut, has resigned. He is unable to stand the strain of the academy work.

Manchu Succession the Most Serious Question in China

Peking, Sept. 4.—The Manchu succession, native officials assert, has become the paramount topic at the summer palace. One of the ablest foreign authorities says that more urgent than a constitution for China or the amalgamation of Chinese and Manchus is the question of an heir apparent closely identified with the security of the dynasty. The question has not been raised since subsequent to the dowager's deposing of Prince Chun's son, Pu Chun, in the protocol of 1901, when a majority of the imperial clan reaffirmed loyalty to Pu Chun. This action caused a scandal and was regarded as an affront to the powers. A price was placed on Chun's head, the clan was denounced and its activity suppressed.

The urgency of the question of the succession is serious, owing to the infirmities of the dowager empress, which are complicated by threats of apoplexy and also by the condition of the emperor, who is constantly reported as ill. He is said to be the victim of a decline which adds to the possibility of an accident to the throne, other than that feared by anarchists and revolutionists.

In view of her own precedent of arbitrarily making Kwang Hsue emperor, it is believed that the dowager empress will declare an heir apparent independently of the wishes of the imperial clan.

TO RESCUE MISS TAYLOR

Relative of President Is Held Prisoner, She Says.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 5.—Ben Von Phul, accompanied by his wife, left St. Louis last night for New York to try to have Miss Sallie Taylor, great-granddaughter of President Zachary Taylor, discharged from the psychopathic ward at Bellevue hospital. She is alleged to have been put there for the purpose of keeping her out of the way of her employer, Mrs. Laura Blossom, of St. Louis, whose wealth is estimated at more than a million dollars.

It is alleged by the Von Phuls that a rich New Yorker, who by marriage is distantly related to Mrs. Blossom, has for a long time been envious of the intimate position that Miss Taylor has been occupying at the home of Mrs. Blossom, and afraid that she would inherit the fortune. Mrs. Blossom's only son died three weeks ago. Miss Taylor, who is a trained nurse, is a sister of Mrs. Von Phul.

It appears that Mrs. Von Phul has received a letter signed by Miss Taylor from Carmen, New York, where it had been picked up alongside a railroad track. The letter from Miss Taylor said she was being held a prisoner and asked for help.

OHIO MAN IS GIVEN STAY

Sentenced to Hang, He Is Granted Writ of Error.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 7.—The court of appeals of Virginia at Staunton yesterday granted a writ of error and supersedeas in the case of Leo C. Thurman, formerly of West Point, Ky., and East Liverpool, O., convicted here of the trunk mystery murder of Walter P. Dolson, of Michigan, and sentenced to hang September 27.

Appeal was on the ground that the trial jury was improperly summoned and that one member of the jury was a nonresident of Norfolk.

The Dolson murder occurred in February, 1906. Thurman escaped and was captured at Vancouver, B. C., eighteen months later.

TREED ALL DAY BY MOOSE

Portly Fire Warden Had Narrow Escape.

Greenville, Me., Sept. 7.—A. D. Edgerly, a lumberman and state fire warden for the Roche Pond region, was treed by a large bull moose near the shore of Roche Pond and held prisoner all day. The bull moose was in the company of two cow moose and was showing off, according to Edgerly.

Upon sighting the warden the animal came at him with a rush. Edgerly is a large man and it was with difficulty he gained the upper branch of a tree just in time to escape his pursuer's antlers.

Hunger evidently drove the moose to abandon the siege when night came.

STANDARD IS INDICTED

True Bill Returned by Grand Jury at Jamestown, N. Y.

Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 7.—An investigation which was begun before the federal grand jury in this city early in July was concluded yesterday and the jury discharged by Judge Hazel, of the Western district of New York.

Before adjournment the jury found four indictments, one against the Standard Oil company, one against the Central Railway company, the Pennsylvania Railway company and one against these two railroads jointly. The indictment against the Standard Oil company and those against the railroad company separately contained 54 counts, all of them charging a violation of the interstate commerce law, either in accepting or granting rebate on oil shipments from Olean to points in Vermont. The law provides a penalty of $2,000 for each provision violated or each count, therefore, if convictions are made according to the indictments returned, the three companies named will be subjected to a total fine of $876,000.

In August the same jury returned similar indictments, embracing other charges, against the same concerns, with a total number of counts sufficient to have justified fines in case of convictions, of more than $18,000,000.

FAMILY FOOD

Crisp, Toothsome and Requires No Cooking.

A little boy down in N. C. asked his mother to write an account of how Grape-Nuts food had helped their family.

She says Grape-Nuts was first brought to her attention on a visit to Charlotte, where she visited the mayor of that city who was using the food by the advice of his physician. She says:

"They derive so much good from it that they never pass a day without using it. While I was there I used the Food regularly. I gained about 15 pounds and felt so well that when I returned home I began using Grape-Nuts in our family regularly.

"My little 18-months-old baby shortly after being weaned was very ill with dyspepsia and teething. She was sick nine weeks and we tried everything. She became so emaciated that it was painful to handle her and we thought we were going to lose her. One day a happy thought urged me to try Grape-Nuts soaked in a little warm milk.

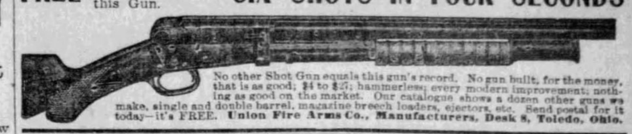
"Well, it worked like a charm and she began taking it regularly and improvement set in at once. She is now getting well and round and fat as fast as possible on Grape-Nuts.

"Some time ago several of the family were stricken with LaGrippe at the same time, and during the worst stages we could not relish anything in the shape of food but Grape-Nuts and oranges, everything else nauseated us.

"We all appreciate what your famous food has done for our family." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

FREE Book tells of this Gun.

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. $4 to $25 hammerless; every modern improvement; nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's FREE. **Union Fire Arms Co., Manufacturers, Desk 8, Toledo, Ohio.**

TWELVE DEAD IN WRECK

Fast Express Train Crashes Into a Freight.

Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 7.—Twelve persons were killed and twelve others injured in the wreck of an express train on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad at Norris, Iowa, yesterday. The express train, northbound, jumped the track while going at full speed, crashed into a freight train standing on the siding. The dead: P. B. Oliver, Waterloo, Iowa; Will Goodman, Waterloo; John Watson, Waterloo; C. L. Landphere, Shellrock, Iowa; W. Ray Johnson, Dike, Iowa; B. B. Christy, Minneapolis; L. E. Povan Tolja, Hammond, Ind.; W. H. Myers, baggageman; four unidentified men. The injured will all recover.

The northbound express train was ten minutes late at Norris where the freight train was awaiting. Just as the locomotive of the passenger train was about to pass the freight the trucks of the former left the track and the moving engine crashed into the engine of the freight, wrecking both locomotives and telescoping the baggage and the mail cars and demolishing the smoking car. The passengers in the two day coaches following the smoking car escaped with a violent shaking up.

CLASH AT WEST POINT

Supply of U. S. Army Officers Menaced as a Result.

New York, Sept. 6.—The "silent treatment" of a plebe at West Point, it is stated in despatches received here, has resulted in a clash between the plebe class and the commandant at the military academy, Col. Robert Lee Howsee, which threatens to deplete the supply of United States army officers four years hence, for Col. Howsee issued an order two days ago to the effect that unless the cadet was relieved entirely of the "treatment" he would dishonorably discharge the entire class.

A cadet, the son of a wealthy Chicago man, is the young man around whom the trouble centers. He is a plebe and, it is stated, received the "silent treatment" not only from his own class, but from the cadets in other classes, because of a complaint he is alleged to have made when he was mildly hazed by his fellow classmen.

The treatment accorded the cadet reached the commandant by some means and caused him to threaten the dismissal of the class unless it was stopped.

The cadets, it is understood, have determined to remain firm in their attitude so that interesting developments are likely.

UNCLE SAM IN CHARGE

Directing Measures to Stamp Out Plague in Frisco.

Washington, Sept. 5.—By direction of President Roosevelt, the public health and marine hospital service has assumed charge of the measures to stamp out the plague in San Francisco.

This step was taken upon the request of the mayor of San Francisco, who added that the city would do all in its power toward providing funds to carry out the work. Acting on telegraphic instructions from Oyster Bay, Surgeon General Wyman issued the necessary orders and notified the mayor of San Francisco that the corps of service officers already on duty there would be augmented and additional measures taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

FLEET TO CIRCLE GLOBE

Evans' Warships to Return Via Suez Canal.

New York, Sept. 5.—Some interesting information bearing on the dispatch of Admiral Evans' battleship fleet to the Pacific is given out today and is credited to a high authority.

The administration, it is stated, does not mean to confine the fleet's movements to the Pacific cost. The President's plan is to send the warships on to Hawaii and to the Philippines after their visit to California ports. When orders are issued for their return the route designated will be via the Suez canal. Thus the fleet will circumnavigate the globe.

It is further learned that, in the meantime, the Atlantic coast will not be left unprotected, but that, at the instance of President Roosevelt, the navy department has already begun to plan the mobilization of another fleet to replace that under Admiral Evans.

WHOLE COUNTRY INVITED

Canton Asks Attendance at McKinley Dedication.

Canton, O., Sept. 7.—Mayor Turnbull today sent to the mayors of every city of importance in the United States, and through him to his fellow citizens, an invitation to attend the dedication of the McKinley monument here September 30. The letter says:

"The dedicatory address will be delivered by President Roosevelt, and there will be present with him as guests of the National McKinley Memorial association and the city of Canton members of the cabinet, justices of the United States supreme court, members of both houses of congress, foreign ambassadors and diplomats, and Governor Harris and other officials of this and other states.

"The President will reach Canton at 10:11 o'clock. The parade will move promptly at 11 o'clock and will be reviewed by President Roosevelt and other distinguished visitors from a stand on the public square.

"The program at the monument will begin at 2 o'clock, with an address by Associate Justice William R. Day, of the United States supreme court, president of the National McKinley Memorial association, prefatory to the oration by President Roosevelt. There will be music by a great choir and bands of renown.

"The citizens of Canton are making every effort to entertain a large gathering."

TYPEWRITER TRUST NEXT

Some of Country's Best Known Capitalists Behind Scheme.

New York, Sept. 6.—The possibility that there is to be a typewriter trust was made public today. A new company, with Allan A. Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan, as president, has been formed, it is stated, in which Charles M. Schwab, the Guggenheims, Harry Payne Whitney, the Ryans and other capitalists are interested. The Royal Typewrited Co. is the nucleus of the big enterprise and, according to rumor, it will endeavor to acquire all the largest typewriter interests in this country, and will also try to obtain control of the business all over the world.

A new factory, the largest in the world, is being built in Hartford, Conn.

Wanted! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instruction by MAIL. Application blank and book for stamp. Inter Ry. Inst., No. 10, Indianapolis, Ind.

OLD SOLDIERS

Of the Union Army, honorably discharged, war of 1861-'65, and ex-Spanish War soldiers, or their widows, are entitled to 160 acres of Government land in New Mexico, and can have me locate and file on the same by **Power of Attorney.**

Lands **very productive.** Close to two lines of railroad. Send for particulars.

C. D. GIFFIN, Land Locater,
STREETER, DAY CO., OKLAHOMA.

WOODSMEN FOR CALIFORNIA

Wages $2.25 to $4.65 Per Day

Wanted several hundred good men at once to work in lumber camps of California. Good wages, steady work, fine climate, splendid chances for advancement. Write at once for particulars to

C. O. DREISS, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago

WEALTHY LADIES and GENTLEMEN of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN who wishes to marry, with an income that is plenty for both, desires to meet young or middle aged lady. N. Leaman, Dept. 331, Industry Bldg., Chicago.

A YOUNG LADY of considerable money and property, object matrimony, wishes to meet young or middle aged man. Respectability the principal object desired. Miss N. L., Drawer 318, 85 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

BELIEVE EXPLORERS LOST

Schooner Duchess, of Bedford, Thought to Have Sunk.

Expedition Hoped to Find New Continent North of Mackenzie River.

Athabasca Landing, Canada, Sept. 6.—News of the probable loss of the schooner Duchess of Bedford, the ship belonging to the Anglo-American arctic expedition, which hoped to find a new continent north of the Mackenzie river, was brought here by Alfred Harrison, who has been in the arctic circle for two years, and who came here on the steamer Midnight Sun.

Mr. Harrison said Ernest Steffanson, of Harvard university, after whom the expedition has been called, himself brought the news of the loss of their boat to Herschel island. He also brought the news of the disappearance of three members of the party, and expressed the fear that they had met death in the frozen north.

The missing men are Captain Mikelson, a Dane; Ernest Leffingwell, of Chicago, and J. M. Marks. They left the ship in February with sixty days' provisions, for the supposed land to the north, and had been gone seventy days and no news had been received from them. One of their teams of dogs returned, and it is likely the party will never be heard from again.

The schooner Duchess of Bedford, Steffanson thought, had probably sunk. The ship had filled with water, probably from the ice strain, but they had been able to remove everything of value to the main shore.

STATE FAIR A SUCCESS

There Were Over 100,000 Admissions to Grounds.

Columbus, O., Sept. 7.—The Ohio state fair was brought to a close last night with a total attendance for the week of 93,765 adults and 14,140 children as compared with 83,063 and 4,439 for last year, which held the record. A large proportion of the children's admission tickets were sold to women on the opening day by special arrangement. Last year women were admitted free on the opening day.

Despite the fact that exhibit space was charged for this year for the first time in the history of the fair and that entrance fees were higher than ever before, the exhibits exceeded all past marks and the total receipts wre $15,000 more than ever before.

Although not officially announced, it is thought that the Grangers will get first prize, $200, as being the organization having the largest representation of membership on the grounds during the fair. The Red Men will get second price, $100. It is not certain who will get the third prize, $50. It will go either to the Odd Fellows or Knights of Pythias.

AMERICANS ARE RELEASED

Men Falsely Accused of Murder in Mexico Set Free.

Newark, O., Sept. 6.—Grant Ferguson, a former Baltimore & Ohio conductor here, telegraphs from Aguas Calientes, Mexico, yesterday as follows:

"Edward Stover and W. B. Speed were released from prison Thursday by order of the Mexican government, unconditionally, and no charges against them."

Stover and Speed were two American conductors who were imprisoned in Mexico over a year ago, charged with a murder neither committed. Ferguson, learning of their conviction and imprisonment without trial, took the case up with the United States government and, with Senators Foraker and Dick, promised assistance. Ferguson secured much testimony, which he presented, in the form of affidavits, to the Mexican government and the federal officers and has worked for months to bring about the result just accomplished. One of the imprisoned conductors formerly lived at Akron, O.

KING EDWARD CAUSES A SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 6.—It is learned that King Edward of England is responsible for the divorce suit filed by Lewis T. Brown against his wife, Margaret Brown. The Browns were living in London and attended a theatrical performance at which the king was present. Attracted by Mrs. Brown's beauty, the king asked that she be presented at court. Brown objected, and his wife being anxious to be presented, an estrangement followed.

ASK EXPULSION REVOKED

American Embassy Takes up the Winslow Case.

Paris, Sept. 9.—The American embassy has formally requested the French government to revoke its order of expulsion in the case of James Norton Winslow, of New York, who recently was given twenty-four hours' notice to leave France for alleged violation of the gambling laws in connection with the new club at Dinard. Mr. Winslow claims he did not manage the club, but merely innocently served on the entertainment committee.

When the authorities of Dinard took steps to close the club Mr. Winslow was not granted a hearing and he went to London, where he consulted with Ambassador Reid, who officially communicated on the subject with Mr. White, the American ambassador here. Foreign Minister Pinchot has instructed the proper authorities to make a thorough investigation of all the circumstances in the case.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

MONDAY.
Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play Heaven's tunes on earth.

TUESDAY.
If your spirits are low, do something; if you have been doing something, do something different.

WEDNESDAY.
Worry poisons the mind, just as a deadly drug would poison the body, and just as surely.

THURSDAY.
If you see anything that is worthy of praise, speak of it. Even if you cannot do a worthy deed yourself commend one who does.

FRIDAY.
Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's.

SATURDAY.
The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

One Thing at a Time

With women who work, either in the home or outside, there often comes the feeling, when task seems heaped upon task, "I have so much to do, I don't know what to do first."

Then is the moment to stop doing anything and wait until the mind is clear enough to see the duty next at hand. Only one thing can be done at a time, and that one thing should be the task begun, or the task which requires immediate attention. Today's work is all we are required to do "tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign." The chances are that when the duties of the day are done faithfully and well, "tomorrow's tangle" will not be half so difficult to straighten, and, it may be, that it will have disappeared.

To use an old-fashioned expression, it never pays to get into a "stew." Mind temper and strength fail then, and a molehill takes the size of a mountain, which we face in a panic of fear lest it never be levelled.

It is always today with us. When tomorrow comes, it has changed into today, and, while it is the part of wisdom to provide, if we can, against possible perplexities, today's work is the most we can do. An illustration of this truth is found in the following story of everyday home life. It is called Today, It's Quinces.

Mrs. Ashley sniffed as she entered.

"Quinces?" she asked. "You mustn't let me interrupt if you're preserving; I can just as well come another time—

Oh, very well, then. My, my, how good they do smell? There's no preserve anywhere near as rich and fruity to my mind; and then they always make me think of Mary Glynn. Mary Glynn's quinces are a sort of byword in our family when there's trouble.

"You see, I was the one to break it to her when that wretched cousin of the Glynns muddled up his own affairs and theirs and the firm's, and then bolted. It seemed likely they'd lose everything; and I'd about as lief have walked up to a cannon as in to Mary's door to tell her.

"After all the other troubles she'd had—there's been a pretty hard siege of sickness for one thing—it did seem the last straw. Just as things had seemed to be getting comfortable at last, too.

I found her putting up quinces, and I told her, plain and straight I'm not one to have patience with feeble sisters, but I don't know's I'd have blamed Mary, considering all things, if she had fainted, or had hysterics, or any other sort of breakdown. I was prepared.

"But she was as quiet as quiet—just sat still a while, with the long spoon in her hand, and the clock ticking, and the kitchen all sweet and hot and quincy. Then she got up all of a sudden, and says she:

"Well, anyway, I must finish these quinces.'

"Dear soul! I told her not to bother. I'd see to 'em; she had enough else to attend to; but:

"'No,' she would have it. 'You've your work on hand and I've mine. Tomorrow there'll be plenty I'll have to attend to, but today it's quinces.'

"Of course it was only 'the duty next at hand'—'one thing at a time'—just what we're always being told. But it's one thing to be told and another thing to see. Many's the time when I've needed to fight off worry and keep to work I've remembered that sweet hot kitchen and Mary's queer little brave smile, and I've told myself, 'Never mind tomorrow; today it's quinces.'"

THE COZY CORNER

Written for The Blade.

MY SWEETHEART, ESTHER.

MRS. CLARK, Iowa.

O, she is my sweetheart true,
And her eyes of heaven's blue,
Have a bright and merry twinkle just for me;
While her soft and golden hair,
Which is smoothed with greatest care,
Seems to make my love grow stronger, don't you see?

O, she is my sweetheart true,
Surely I will tell to you,
Of the love that binds us closer day by day;
For it seems I cannot live,
If her love she does not give,
As it helps to bear the trials of the way.

Yes, she is my sweetheart true,
And I love her, wouldn't you?
If with her arms around your neck, she kissed you so?
I know you surely would,
For she is so kind and good,
And she's as pure as angels, you must know.

She comes most every day,
And the first thing she will say
As she steps inside the door, and looks so fine:
"Where is grandpa?" now you've guessed
Who she is and why caressed.
Don't you wish you had a sweetheart just like mine?

Today is Children's Day in the Cozy Corner, as you will see by the letters. We begin with one from "a bachelor."

I am a bachelor, but a reader of the Cozy Corner letters, and a great lover of children. I want to suggest a question for discussion by mothers and others. I think it one of considerable interest and importance. Should very young children, say from one or two to six or eight years old, be severely punished, or even punished at all, for the little indiscretions so common to them? For instance, for filching the preserves, or the sugar, or for doing other like things that seem wrong to we older ones?

It seems to me we should rather admonish and advise than punish, for the undeveloped child mind cannot grasp the enormity of wrong like we can. A great man once said that when we strike a child we leave a scar on its character. It is true Solomon says to "chasten the son while there is hope."

Some err in the other direction, till the bent twig becomes a crooked tree. Many of us can remember some kind, indulgent person, perhaps an old servant, who dried our tears when we were punished by the too irate parent, and the kindness of the indulgent one has clung to us for life. The child mind is a tender plant that we should not deal with too harshly. It needs water and shade where older ones need sunshine and greater tillage.

We need not err in the extreme of over-indulgence, humoring without admonishing, advising, or even gentle rebuke. Words seem better than blows; the latter should be a last resort.

Am I right about this?—H. Greeley Miller.

A GOOD BOY.

We are all interested, as we should be, in the little children God has entrusted to our care, and I want to tell you about my little boy, three years of age. Before the baby came, he had no one to play with at home, and soon tired of his plays. He took such a spell of wanting to run to the neighbors whenever he felt like it, which would be a dozen times a day, more or less. As I had my work to do and was in poor health, I tried to break him of the habit, as it was bad for him and I was uneasy about him all the time. Husband said to watch him. I tried this and tried coaxing. At last I told him he had been such a bad boy and would not stay at home as mother wanted him to, I would have to tie him up until he would be good.

Of course he cried, but this did not last long. I let him alone until he would say he would be a good boy. By trying this punishment for running away and every time he was naughty, he is now a boy to be admired by everyone.

I let him know always that whatever I did was because I loved him and for his own good. I always tell everyone, before him, what a good boy I have. He never leaves the table without asking to be excused. As I have always thanked him for every little thing he does for me, he does the same with me.

He is so much help with the baby—who is not quite a year old—takes everything from him he should not have, or tells what he is doing. It is so nice to see the two brothers together, for they love each other so much. Home should be home for the children, not only a place to eat and sleep in and keep tidy. Let them stir up things as long as they keep to one room, then teach them to clean everything up after they have finished their play. If children are not allowed any freedom at home they will not stay there long. We can do nothing for our children unless we pray for help and guidance, and teach them to pray. —A Wife and Mother from Penn.

WIN THEIR CONFIDENCE.

I think one of the first things to do is to gain the confidence of your children.

To do this, we must be truthful, kind and firm, and never use words that you would not have them use. Of course God intended that children should have some liberty, but we should try very hard to know just how and when to correct them.

I believe in having some system and order in a home. I do not enjoy a "haphazard" way of living.

All mothers have a great responsibility resting upon them, but we must not be fretful and worry over this, only think it a duty and is pleasing to have this opportunity. If we are restless and discontented, so our children are apt to be.

It has been said that youth is the seedtime of harvest. If so, we should be very careful of the kind of seed we sow in the presence of our children.

We should teach them to be ever ready to do a kindness in time of need, for a good deed is never lost.

I am a farmer's wife and live in southwestern Virginia. I have one little boy, seven years old, and of course I enjoy reading the many letters written for the Cozy Corner.—Mrs. W. W. S.

HOW RUTH MANAGES.

Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—As I promised to tell you how I manage my family of six, I come today, while my thoughts are with the mothers of the Cozy Corner. I know I can realize how a mother must feel if her children do not obey her, for I see so much of disobedience all around me, living in a large city as I do, and coming in contact with so many children.

I do not wish to criticise, but I rarely ever am mistaken that when we see a child disobedient, it can be traced back to lack of firmness in the parents.

By this I do not mean severity, but long and patient endurance.

Dear mothers, it pays to train your children in the way they should go, for what is more bitter than a thankless child, and such they will be if we neglect to care and mold that which God has entrusted to our care. I have taken my children to Sunday school ever since they were in long clothes. There they are today; three of them holding offices for a number of years.

I have taught them to come to me for advice, and to tell me their love affairs and troubles. Although some of them are silly and laughable (to me), I treat them with the greatest interest, and thereby gain their confidence, knowing I will hear again all they do while they are absent from me.

I always insist on knowing the truth, whatever it is. I do not believe in whipping, for that has a tendency to make children stubborn. We can punish them, a great deal harder by denying them pleasures they enjoy. I have only one boy. I tell him often I love him, and he often leaves his play to come and tell me he loves me. —Ruth.

BEGIN EARLY.

Dear Friends—For such you seem to me; I am very much interested in your letters and wish to join your circle. I have been a reader of The Blade less than a year and find so many good things on every page I would not like to do without it. I truly sympathize with the mothers in their love and care for the children, and their anxiety for them, as they are growing up and going from our sheltering care to depend on their own judgment in regard to the things that come before them every day.

As a rule, I think mothers do not commence early enough to train their children and keep a steady, firm rule with them. In fact, so many young mothers do not think of the future of the child. Mother hearts are full of love and they think they are showing that love by humoring the child in whatever he thinks he wants. It is hard, I know, to deny them, but it is often for their best good, as we, who are older and have seen our children grow up and go to make homes for themselves know.—Mrs. Clark, Iowa.

KINDNESS WINS.

I have been an interested reader of the Cozy Corner for nearly a year and find the suggestions and recipes all very helpful. I am the mother of four children. The oldest is 17. The youngest would be 10, but she went to live with the angels at the age of 4 years. Our oldest boy is a great help to us; our second, a girl of 15, is a good Christian girl, lively and full of fun. The youngest is not very strong so we cannot expect much of him yet. I think more is gained by kindness than by harshness. Home should be the happiest place on earth. Nothing is gained by fretting and worrying. No room in the house should be too good to be used by the children.—Buckeye Mother.

MORE HELPFUL CHILDREN.

I certainly enjoy reading the dear sisters' letters. I always turn to the Cozy Corner the first thing when I get our paper. I live on the West Virginia hills. I have a family of five children—two girls and three boys. I am not a strong woman, so my children are a great deal of help to me. My oldest girl will soon be 18, and she can do most all of the housework. We have a little darling, 13 months old. Our three boys are so much help to their father. They like to feel they are working like men.—Happy Mother.

HELPFUL CHILDREN.

We are a busy family. There are six children, and we board one man, making nine of us in all. We teach the children to help with the work, and the oldest boy, 10 years of age, drives the team to the haystacker, takes care of the horses and helps in many ways. He is proud to do it. The two oldest girls, aged 12 and 14 years, can do anything in the house, from washing dishes to making pies, cake and doing the ironing.

Do you friends think it best to be talking all the time how much your children do, or would you get better results to praise them just enough to make them feel that they are appreciated. I hear so many mothers say so much that I sometimes think they overdo the thing. I would like to hear what other mothers think about this matter.—Business Kansas Mother.

PRETTY VERSES.

We each have our life to live,
A niche in the human race.
A life that is true, a duty to do,
And not one can fill our place.

We each have our life to live,
A part in an allwise plan;
A single soul, a part of the whole,
A unit in collective man.

We each have our life to live,
A place to each assigned;
Let's do our part with all our heart,
Be true to God and to mankind.

J. E. WILLITS.

INQUIRIES.

Is there anything that will restore the color to black woolen cloth that is faded or rusty?—C. S.

Will some of the readers please tell me how to use vine peaches.—Mrs. J. I. B.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Good letters are received from Grandma, Busy Mother, Mrs. W. H. Morse, Biddy, A Reader and Eulla Persinger.

Fannie—A recipe for preserving tomatoes was published in The Blade of August 8. If you haven't a copy, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Household editor, and the recipe will be forwarded.

Yankee Girl—Yellow Rose writes that she is still looking for the snowflake knitting pattern. Her address is Mrs. C. C. Disney, Lowry City, Missouri.

Mrs. L. H. B.—A correspondent wants your recipe for canning beef. Will you be kind enough to send it to the Household editor?

Take Notice—When you see requests for recipes that you have, or inquiries regarding things you know about, don't wait for someone else to answer, but reply promptly. You know this is a "help one another" corner.

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Checkerboard Cake—Two cups of soft A sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, well sifted with two and a half cups of flour. Beat to a cream, sugar and butter, then add egg yolks, milk and flour. Bake in three layers in this manner: Take one-half of the dough and add one tablespoon of melted chocolate to color with, or cochineal may be used if red is the color desired. Put a spoonful of the dark in the center of two pans and a spoonful of light in the center of the third. Alternate light and dark until pans are filled, placing two rows of each in one pan. Put together so the light batter will come above in dark in some.

If square pans are used, make rows across and cut in the opposite direction to form a checkerboard. For frosting use the beaten white of one egg, one-quarter pound of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of melted chocolate.—Mrs. E. H. Hastings.

Fruit Cookies—To one and a half cups of brown sugar add one scant cup of butter, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, with one small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk. Cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, one large cup of raisins or currants and flour to make soft dough. Mix, roll and treat as other cookies.—Mrs. J. I. Benton.

Potato Salad—Three cold boiled eggs, sliced thin. Three onions sliced thin, and mixed well with sliced potatoes.

The dressing is made of two eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one of salt. One-half teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of vinegar, one-half cup of sweet cream and a little pepper.

Melt sugar, salt, mustard, butter and vinegar, and boil well. Add the two eggs, beaten to a froth. Remove directly from the fire, stir five minutes, and when cold add cream and pour over the salad.—Evelyn.

Coffee Layer Cake:—Two eggs, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of cold coffee, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one of baking powder, one-half teasnoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of spices and nutmeg, two cups of flour, and one cup of raisins. Bake in layers and put together with boiled frosting, in which is mixed the raisins.—Evelyn.

Cucumber Pickles:—As it is pickling time I want to send to the Household my recipe for cucumber pickles.

One-quarter pound of ground mustard, one-half pound of black and white mustard seed, each. One-quarter pound of white ginger root, three pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of cloves and alspice, each; one ounce of tamarack, one and one-half ounces of mace, two ounces of celery seed, one-half ounce of ground red pepper, the best cider vinegar to cover. Mix together cold. Put the cucumbers in a jar, sprinkle with salt, pour boiling water over and let stand for 24 hours. Then put them in the spiced vinegar. This makes a six-gallon jar full.—Emily Ammack.

Pickled Watermelon Rind:—Remove thick paring and cut away all the pink. Cut rind in uniform pieces and cook until soft. Then drain. There should be seven pounds of rind. Put in preserving kettle. Add three and a-half pounds of brown sugar, three cups of vinegar, an ounce of stick cinnamon, a half ounce of whole cloves. Let simmer two and a half hours. Then can.

Watermelon Preserves:—Trim off the green part and cut up in pieces. Sprinkle with plenty of sugar and let them cook until clear. They make nice preserve.—Mrs. Hannah M. Stuart.

A Mother's Invocation

CARMEN SYLVA.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is the author of the invocation:

"Keep with me always a mother's heart. Take not from me a mother's tenderness, and let my forgiveness of injustice be equal to her own. Have with me her power of defense. Let my intuition be as keen as her divination. Take from me much, if it be Thy will, but spare me the mother's heart."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Today the column begins with a description of a summer outing. Next week Salome of Indiana will relate her experiences as a letter carrier over a rural route. And there are other good letters in reserve.

I must tell you of the nice outing our little family took this summer. Our family, consisting of four, with my cousin and his wife, took a tent, three hammocks, a box of provisions, a fishing outfit and two trunks, in which we had our bedding and "old" clothes, and left our home in the city for the mountains. We went only about fifty miles, and when we arrived at our destination, we were not long in finding a suitable place in which to pitch our tents, on the banks of the river, under five large sycamore trees, with a cold spring about fifty feet from the tent.

We made our beds of cedar boughs and comfortables on the ground. Our cooking stove was built of stones, and we had no trouble in finding plenty of fuel. We had our hammocks under the trees to rest in during the day. The children played in the sand all the time we were at the camp, and we even buried them in the sand—all but their heads.

The country was beautiful, with the mountains all around us, and the clear river flowing by the tent. The greatest sport of all was the fishing. During our stay of ten days we caught 76 fish, so you see we had all the fish we wanted. It was so good, fried out-of-doors on our make-believe stove, and eaten with coffee and hoecakes.

I would like for some of the M. G. R. to tell of their summer outings. If they can tell me of a better one than ours I will try it. But for rest and quiet and pleasure, go to the mountains, where you feel that you are shut off for a while from the noise and toil of life, and nearer to God.

Hope to hear from some of the M. G. R.'s, and remember I am as ever a—Well Wisher.

The questions asked by Miss Prudence some time ago have been so well and ably answered that I saw no need of my adding my opinion on the subject. But in today's paper I notice we have a new member who is of the same nom de plume as mine (in part) and in closing her remarks, she says her weak point is a lack of determination and will power. I have not only one, but many weak points, but the one she speaks of is not found in my makeup. I pride myself on having a superabundance of determination, perhaps to the extent of obstinacy. Anyhow, when I make up my mind to what I believe is right, something has to move.

I will say, however, I cross many bridges before I ever get to them, thus causing myself bother and worry. I am glad to see so many new members in our merry circle, but I always eagerly scan the names of the writers, hoping to see some old familiar signatures. Where are Hoosere Puer Poeta, Isabel, Mountain Ranger, Violet Grey, Green Mountain Boy, Lena Rivers, Zack Stubbs and many others?—Bonnie Burnie, of Michigan.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I've been a reader of The Blade and assure you I enjoy your interesting letters, and so hope to gain admission into your merry circle, if I may come with your consent.

I will tell you something about our home. We live on a farm and enjoy it. We have large trees around our house. We have large fields of cotton, also raise corn, potatoes, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, peas, melons, peanuts and peaches.

There are several churches close by, and they will have protracted meetings this summer.

I agree with "Lora H." as to correspondence, as my views are exactly like hers on that subject.

I only have two brothers and no sisters. My elder brother graduated in medicine last year. My younger one is just eleven years of age.

I think we have a lively circle, and hope I may gain admission, but for fear I won't, I'll close. All of you come again.—Blue-Eyed Lassie.

Your letter was sidetracked for some time, but your welcome to the circle was always assured.

I am a bachelor, all alone on a farm with no company but my horses, chickens, dog and cat. I do not go to town but once a week. On Sunday, I visit the neighbors. I have been watching the M. G. R. column for over a year, and got interested in some of the correspondents, especially Oregon Bach and the Dressmaker. If admitted I will come again.—Michigan Bach.

You should have come before. Now that you are here, stay with us.

Will you admit a boy from the old North state into your circle? I delight in reading the many cheerful and interesting letters of the M. G. R. members. I live among the beautiful mountains and wandering streams of western North Carolina. My home is on the ridge which leads to the fourth highest mountain east of the Mississippi river, the Bald Yellow. As we climb the steep ridges which lead to the summit, we can begin to see the hills and mountains, until, when we reach the top, we have a view of them, spread out before us like a huge map. From there we can look into Tennessee and over three counties. The distant creeks and rivers look as small as silver threads. We can look far away to the east, and the scene is one of grandeur and beauty.

I live one and a half miles from the nearest railway station. If I am admitted I will come again soon, and tell more about my life and my mountain home.—Juvenile.

I thought I would write a few words to the dear old Blade, for the first time in my life. I have been reading the M. G. R. letters for a long while, and enjoy them very much. I live on a farm a short distance from a city, but I like country life better than life in a city.

Dear M. G. R. sisters, you all seem like sisters to me. I have read so many of your good letters.—A Tennessee Girl.

I am glad to welcome letters from Buckeye Mother, Rose of Sharon, Helene de Saisson, Volunteer Boy, Eagle Eye, Cherokee Girl, Mrs. Ella Bennett, Gladys from the Wild Rose State, W. Va., Dewdrop, Pet, Eurie from West Va., and Quiet Dell.

The letters received are listed each week, so that those who write may know they are welcome. To new comers, the mention of their names means admittance to the circle. The letters themselves will be published as fast as we can get to them, and none must feel neglected if the delay seems long.

Eurie from W. Va.:—Thank you for your photograph. I regret it is not clear enough to print in our column. I like to have pictures of the M. G. R. members.

Cherokee Girl:—I do not remember having received a letter from you before. You may be sure, the one just arrived will find space in our column, though it may not be immediately, as there are many others waiting. Your kind words regarding The Blade are much appreciated. We try to "make good."

BETH'S PREMIUM

It was very hot to sit still and sew. The needle would get sticky in spite of all the little emery strawberry could give it, and Beth's fingers had never felt so clumsy and uncomfortable. If only May and Billy would play a little farther off it would help some, but there they were in plain sight, under the very shadiest maple, with all the games Beth liked best.

It was an apron she was making—white cambric with wee cunning pockets and bretelles that were to come quite up to her shoulders, and narrow, delicate tatting over handed every bit of the way around only the belt. It wasn't at all like the aprons little girls wear nowadays, but it was stylish then, and very pretty. Beth had made it, every stitch—seams and facing that had to be hemmed down so carefully, and it was all done except a part of the tatting. But oh! there had been such a lot of that—yards and yards it seemed to Beth, as she glanced longingly out once more at the shade, and May, and Billy, and the games. When you are only eight years old there are things that seem more interesting than verhanding. Mama, busy at her own sewing, heard a long-drawn sigh and loked up to smile comfortingly. "I think you will be through by 5 o'clock, Bethy," she said. "You know we must send it off tonight so as to have it entered on time. You've done beautifully, dear, and you deserve a premium whether you get it or not." Beth smiled back and decided that, after all, it wasn't so dreadfully hot, and 5 o'clock wasn't very far away. "Do you think I'll get it, mama?" she asked, for the twentieth time.

"I don't know, dear. If mama was judge, you surely would, but they haven't invited me to award any prizes. You mustn't count on it too much, fo ryou may be disappointed, but your time has not been wasted even if you get nothing but the pretty apron, and the pleasure of knowing that you made it yourself, and very neatly.

"What is this talk I hear of premiums and mysteries?" demanded Uncle Ed, coming in from the porch.

"It's the county fair, Uncle Ed—next week—and they have offered five dollars to the best sewing under fourteen years old, and I'm trying to get it," exclaimed Beth, excitedly.

"Which you surely ought to do, for I can testify that your sewing is considerably less than fourteen years of age," declared the roguish uncle. But Beth was too full of her subject to heed teasing. Uncle Ed had been away for a month and it was such a comfort to find somebody who hadn't heard the matter discussed over and again.

"I'm only eight, Uncle Ed, but I've been most as careful as fourteen, don't you think?" and the needle-roughened forefinger pointed to the tidy hem. Uncle Ed hunted for his eyeglasses—"because I can't see them at all without," he declared. "Of all the ridiculously small stitches—why, Beth, I'll be surprised if those nearsighted judges don't think you've glued that petticoat together."

"It's an apron, Uncle Ed," explained the small seamstress, patiently. "It's very important, because if I get the money it's to go into the bank to help my education, so I can be a teacher, and mama won't have to work."

"I see. And if you don't get it you'll have to be an ignoramus all your life. I should think it is important!"

And then May and Billy clamored at the window, and Beth set the last careful stitch, and the clock struck 5.

The county fair began as usual; just as if Beth's apron were not a part of it. It was too far away for mama and the children to attend, but Uncle Ed went on the last day, and he was to bring back word of the result. Beth was certain she should not sleep a wink until he came, no matter how late that was, but mama insisted on her going to bed as usual, and the next thing she knew it was broad daylight. Uncle Ed was down in the dining room, but he didn't say much—just looked over his eyeglasses and talked about premium pigs and mowing machines and pretended he hadn't heard a word about aprons. Bethy crept away by herself. She understood—she hadn't gotten any premium, and Uncle Ed didn't like to tell her. Well, if she couldn't ever be educated she'd have to be a dressmaker like mama, and sew, no matter how hot it was.

And then breakfast was ready, and Uncle Ed called her to come quick before he starved.

She slipped quietly into her chair and slowly lifted her plate to release an edge of the napkin; and there, under it, folded neatly, lay her very own cambric apron with a blue ribbon pinned fast, and across it a smooth, gray-green, fascinating five-dollar bill.

And this isn't a made-up story at all, for it every bit happened.—Elizabeth Price in September St. Nicholas.

THE POET'S CORNER

Casabianca.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled,
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone 'round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone;
And"—but the booming shot replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave, despair.

And shouted but once more aloud:
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder-sound;
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea.

With mast and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

The well-known poem, Casabianca, written by Mrs. Hemans, is founded upon history. A French naval officer, in company with his son, Giacomo Jocante Casabianca, perished with his ship at the battle of the Nile, in 1798. It was from this event that Mrs. Hemans took her subject.

Unanswered.

Why is it the tenderest feet must tread
the roughest road?
Why is it the weakest back must carry
the heaviest load.
While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest paths to go,
And the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to know?

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon dim with tears?
Why is it the lightest heart must ache and ache for years,
While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear?

Why is it those who are saddest have always the gayest face?
Why is it those who need it not have always the biggest half,
While those who have never a sorrow, have seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must struggle and strive to live?

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed?
Why is it the grandest deeds are the ones that are never confessed,
While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,
And the deeds that are worth little praise are the ones that are published well?

Why is it the sweetest smile has for its sister a sigh?
Why is it the strongest love is the love we always pass by,
While the smile that is cold and distant is the one for which we pray,
And the love we kneel to and worship is only common clay?

Why is it the friends we trust are the ones who always betray?
Why the lips we wish to kiss are the lips so far away,
While close by our side, if we knew it, is a friend who would loyal be,
And the lips we might have kissed are the lips we never see?

Why is it the things we have are the things we always refuse?
Why is it none of us live the lives, if we could, we'd choose,
While the things that we all can have are the things we always hate,
And life seems never complete, no matter how long we wait?

"Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven."

Papa, I'm so sad and lonely, sobbed a tearful little child.
Since dear mamma's gone to heaven, papa darling, you've not smiled.
I will speak to her and tell her that we want her to come home.
Just you listen and I'll call her through the telephone.

CHORUS.

Hello, Central, give me heaven, for my mamma's there.
You can find her with the angels on the golden stair;
She'll be glad it's me who's speaking; call her, won't you, please?
For I want to surely tell her we're so lonely here.

When the girl received this message coming o'er the telephone,
How her heart thrilled in that moment, and the wires seemed to moan.
I will answer just to please her—yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home.
Kiss me, mamma, kiss your darling through the telephone!

There were several copies of this ballad sent in. The one first received was from Pearl Fry, Coldwater, Mich., a little girl nine years of age.

The Singer and the Child.

A True Story.

In a humble room in Paris,
Dark and cheerless, cold and bare,
Sat a young boy by the window,
Singing low a plaintive air.

Singing—not that he was happy;
His poor heart was racked with care;
But his soul was full of music,
And it welled forth even there.

On a low and wretched pallet
His sick, widowed mother lay,
And no food had either eaten,
Not a morsel, all that day.

Something in the street arrests him,
In large letters, red and white;
'Tis a placard that announces
"Malibran will sing tonight."

Suddenly a new thought strikes him,
Lighting up his pallid face;
One glance at his sleeping mother,
And he hurries from the place.

"Did you say one wished to see me?
I am weary and would rest."
She who spoke was tall-and stately,
And in richest garments dressed.

"Madame, this is no mere caller,
But a gentle, pretty child,
With such sunny auburn ringlets
And with eyes so blue and mild."

"I will see him." So he entered,
With a music-roll in hand,
Gave it to the lady, bowing
Like a noble of the land.

"'Tis a little song I've written,
Words and music are my own;
And if, lady, you would sing it,
Soon to all it would be known.

"And they'd give me money for it,
Money which would buy us bread;
For my mother's poor and ailing,
And my father's long been dead."

Graciously the lady took it,
Wiped away a falling tear;
Then she softly hummed it over,
While he watched, 'twixt hope and fear.

Tenderly she stooped and kissed him,
And her smile was wondrous bright;
"Child, you are a little genius,
And I'll sing your song tonight.

"You shall come and hear me sing it,
Hear the plaudits long and loud
Which shall greet the little singer
Of whom France may soon be proud."

"Thank you, kind and noble lady,
Much I should like to be there;
But my mother's sad and lonely,
And there's none for her to care."

Fear no more, child, for your mother,
For her wants I'll now provide;
Food and med'cine I shall send her
And a faithful nurse beside."

Brilliantly the lamps were lighted,
Thousands thronged the gilded hall,
Waiting for the noble singer,
Whose rich tones would thrill them all.

Like a queen she calmly entered,
Leading by the hand a child,
With such sunny auburn ringlets,
And with eyes so blue and mild.

In few words she told his story;
Then in accents clear and strong,
From a crumpled roll of music,
Sang the little author's song.

Deafening were the cheers which followed,
Many were the tears then shed,
And the stage with splendid bouquets
From all sides was thickly spread.

From that hour the little Pierre
Rose to honor and to fame;
And in time 'mong great musicians
Men enrolled his humble name.

Did he then forget the lady
Who befriended him in need?
Nay, it was his chiefest glory
To be called her son indeed.

And when she, the glorious singer,
Yielded up her latest breath
He it was who smoothed her pillow,
And who closed her eyes in death.

The Dying Nun.

Let the air blow in upon me,
Let me see the midnight sky;
Stand back, sisters, from around me—
God! it is so hard to die!
Raise the pillow up, O Martha—
Sister Martha, you were kind;
Come and stand alone beside me
Ere I leave you all behind.

Hold my hand, so cold and frozen—
Once it was so soft and white—
And this ring that falls down from it
Clasped my finger round so tight;
Little ring they thought so worthless
That they let me keep it there,
Only a plain golden circlet
With a braid of Douglas' hair.

But a strain of heavenly music
Drowns the holy midnight dreams,
Still I hear the wild waltz pealing,
And I float away with him.
I am coming, Douglas, Douglas,
Where thou art I, too, am there;
Heed at last, I come, my dearest,
Death gives back your little Claire.

Sister Martha, Sister Martha,
Has the moon gone down so soon?
Oh, the cell seems cold like winter,
Though I know that it is June.
Sisters, in your white beds lying,
Sleeping in the June moonlight,
Through your dreams comes there no message?
Clara dies alone tonight.

NEW QUOTATION.

Who wrote and in what poems are found:

There's many a sorrow would vanish tomorrow
If we were but willing to furnish the wings.
So sadly intruding and quietly brooding,
It hatches forth all sorts of terrible things.

I'm monarch of all I survey;
My rights there is none to dispute,
From the center all round to the sea,
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.

ANSWER TO QUOTATION.

The first of last week's quotations is by William Wordsworth. In full, it is this:

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!

POEMS WANTED.

Will someone please send the words of the poem entitled Captain, My Captain, written by Walt Whitman?

The Gospel hymn, At the Feast of Belshazzar, is wanted.

The poem in which are these lines, She fell like a snowflake from Heaven to Hell
is requested. The title is, The Beautiful Snow.

Will someone please send the words of the song of The Two Orphans, or The Burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. It begins:
In the evening the bright stars were shining,
The moonbeams shone over our land.

Does anyone know the poem entitled Eric's Funeral? It was published in Harper's Magazine 32 years ago.

The words of the song, Two Little Girls in Blue, are wanted.

Good-bye, Charlie, is another song inquired for.

Will some one please give the song which commences:
"Unfurl the banner of the free,
True hearts should ne'er forget.

S. J. S.

Pioneer's Daughter would like the words of the poem beginning:
They are gone, all gone, from their mountain home,
Where the wild bees hum, and the bright birds roam.

Here are two fine old songs that are wanted:
John Anderson, My Joe John; and Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon.

When Malinda Sings, a poem by the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, is wanted, also a temperance poem in which is the line, Am I My Brother's Keeper?

A LITTLE CHAT.

Watch the column each week for the poem you have requested. There is a long waiting list, and answers and requests are likely to be delayed for lack of space, but we are filling our orders as rapidly as possible. Meantime, the pleasure is ours that so much interest is being taken in The Poets' Corner.

Mrs. C. R. Bell:—Your request came one day too late. Someone was ahead of you and The Old Settler's Story was forwarded to the first applicant. The editor will try to get you another copy and send it to you, as promised.

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NEW KING OF COTTON

exan Puts New Kink in Wall Street.

is Name is Mike, and He Would Rather Be Called Mike Than President.

ew York, Sept. 9.—Mike Thomas now hailed as the new cotton king. already ranks as the bull leader at cotton exchange, and Wall street expecting him to start the fireworks ing soon. Six months ago he was orth $250,000. Now he is rated as millionaire, with other millions in sight.

In July the Texas law abolishing okerage offices went into effect and homas came on to New York. He got reception of his life. He put new into the market from the moment stepped upon the floor of the cotton exchange. He has been the dominant figure ever since he arrived.

He "Made Good."

Mike Thomas "made good" because was steadfast. He believed he had anked down his money on the winning color and he "let it ride." Others ew shak and bought more. When e wires brought him the news that leading bulls had sold out and rned bears a little above 11 cents, sized up his profits up to that point. ey were big—bigger than he dared lieve. It was the critical moment. He had a chance to join in the ovement to force a decline and shake t the "little fellows," or take the unt of the selling "run" of the big lows. He chose the latter course. e doubled, trebled his holdings. He ught cotton by the tens of thousands bales. The market responded to s enormous purchases and he knew had won out. A few more big buyg orders and the "big grizzlies" were full retreat, and Mike Thomas sold em the cotton they wanted in order "cover shorts."

Mike Thomas is from Dallas, Tex., ere for ears he has conducted a okerage business. He is the head of e firm of M. H. Thomas & Co. roughout the cotton trade he is own as "Mike" Thomas and he is oud of it. He is the mikiest Mike at ever bore the Celtic cognomen. e signs his name "Mike." His cable dress is "Mike." He would rather called "Mike" than be President.

Carried Two Guns.

There are many members of the cotn exchange who can remember the Mike Thomas first appeared on the or after he was elected. There alys is a good deal of genial horseay directed at new members, which sses for "initiation." Hats are ashed, collars torn off, and various her marks of comradeship are conred. The cotton exchange roysters were not quite at their ease when e new member from Texas walked up the pit. They saw that his wide-immed hat was a man's size and re was something peculiarly disting about the rough hewn countance of the newcomer. He looked e a cross between a gentleman mer and a road agent. Finally one the bolder young members took a ack at the broad-brimmed hat. He as promptly tossed over to the other e of the "pit." Two others came and grabbed the Texan.

"Look out, he's got a gun!" exaimed one of them.

"He's got two of them," yelled No. who had come into contact with the er hip pocket.

There was no more "hazing."

USITANIA IN THE LEAD

ew Giant Liner Passes the Lucania.

New York, Sept. 7.—Dispatches by reless telegraph from the steamer sitania, the new giant ship that is pected to break records in making e trip between England the United ates and return, give some details how the steamer is acting on her st voyage. One wireless message s:

"The Lusitania traveled at no great ce at first, but the absence of vibran was so noticeable that it made the sengers believe that they were dinng in a hotel. After dinner the pace s increased. The electric lifts on ard the ship were busy until a late ur Saturday night conveying people ftly up and down between the five cks.

"While hundreds were exploring and miring the comforts of the ship, ups of Cunard directors, ship exrts and naval architects gathered in smoking room and earnestly disssed the prospects of the voyage. e Lucania, which left Liverpool four rs ahead of us, was overtaken and ssed at 4:30 Sunday morning. She d half an hour start of us leaving ueenstown."

G ICE PLANT DESTROYED

reman, Said to Have Been Asleep, Has Disappeared.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 9.—The Berkey Ice Works, one of the largest arficial ice plants in this section, was stroyed by fire early today, with a ss of $50,000, insurance $17,000. e fire originated in the fire room sawdust about the boiler. A firean, said to have been caught asleep, s disappeared. The wind blew the mes toward the water and prevented a more serious conflagration. rge ammonia tanks burst during e fire, causing much alarm among arby residents.

GIANT LINER BEGINS MAIDEN VOYAGE

Steamers Lusitania and Lucania Will Make Trial of Speed Across the Atlantic.

Liverpool, Sept. 7.—The people of this city and its vicinity today concentrated their attention on what was considered to be an epoch-making event, the departure of the giant Cunard line steamer Lusitania, the latest of the Atlantic liners, on her maiden voyage to New York.

Additional interest was given to the event in that the Lucania left port this afternoon, about two and a half hours earlier than the Lusitania, making possible a trial of speed across the Atlantic between the swiftest ocean steamer with reciprocating engines flying the British flag and the largest turbine steamer.

Both vessels will call at Queenstown tomorrow morning, but the Lusitania will not enter until the Lucania has cleared, so the older vessel will have a start of at least three hours over the boat which the Cunard company built with the view of not only beating the fastest time of its own ocean greyhounds, but of regaining for Great Britain the blue ribbon of the Atlantic, which was lost to Germany a decade ago.

Of course the officials of the Cunard line say that no race is contemplated, but the engine room crews of the two vessels have been busy for a week past, getting everything in readiness with the expectation that the engines will be called upon to do their best on this occasion.

All the accommodation on both vessels has been taken. For the Lucania 370 first-class and 360 second-class passengers have been booked, and for the Lusitania 480 first-class and 495 second-class. The lists include many notable people. Among the passengers on the Lusitania will be Robert Balfour, M. P., E. C. Garber, H. E. Hemp, C. E. Barber, H. G. Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Countess Dunmore, Lady Victoria Murray and S. C. Perkins. The Lucania takes the team of the Marylebone cricket club, which will play a series of games in America, and Bishop P. J. O'Reilly.

KING EDWARD'S HEALTH FAILING FAST

Seems Slightly Benefited at Marienbad, but the least Exertion Exhausts Him.

London, Sept. 9.—King Edward, who has just returned to London, appeared to have been benefited by the waters at Marienbad, at which famous cure he has been resting for some time. He looks well, but those who are intimately associated with him know that the sovereign's strength is gradually failing.

The least exertion exhausts him and in his fatiguing round of official and social duties he is able to go the pace only by snatching some sleep in the afternoons.

He will attend the Doncaster races next week, going over to the course daily from Lord Savile's country seat Rufford abbey in Nottinghamshire. A curious relaxation of etiquette prevails at Lord Savile's when the king is his guest. Rufford abbey is the only countryseat in England where his majesty is treated in most respects like an ordinary visitor.

At Chatsworth, Goodwood and other mansions, the king's fancy is to be attended by powdered flunkeys, who are stationed at every door through which he may possibly desire to pass, in order that they may open them for him. At Rufford abbey only two formalities are insisted upon. One is that the king's cup of coffee be handed him after dinner by no one else but the hostess. The other is that at dinner no one else shall have a finger bowl.

ARMISTICE IS FRUITLESS

Moroccan Tribesmen Fail to Put in Appearance.

France Proposes to Spain to Send an Army of 50,000 to Occupy Ports of Morocco.

Casablanca, Sept. 9.—The armistice sanctioned by General Drude has been fruitless thus far, as the delegates of Caid Mazi, chief of the Chamula tribe, have not yet put in an appearance.

General Drude has planned a vigorious campaign against the natives. Many peaceful Arabs who desire to return to Casablanca are hindered by the warring tribesmen, who have strong cordons of sentinals posted with instructions to kill all persons attempting to pass them.

An example of the wild anarchy pervading the country is found in the seizure of Caid Culgreither, one of the fomentors of the Casablanca revolt, by the Oule Driss tribe, which appropriated his fortune and grossly maltreated his family.

FRANCE PROPOSES BIG ARMY

Suggests to Spain That All Moroccan Ports Be Occupied.

Paris, Sept. 9.—The Echo de Paris, Madrid correspondent says it is rumored in military circles that France has proposed to Spain to send a Franco-Spanish army of 50,000 men to occupy the Moroccan ports, and to go as far as Fez, if necessary. The correspondent says it is stated that Premier Maura and General Martingui, chief of the headquarters staff, are opposed to this plan, but that the minister of war, General Primo Rivera, supports it.

The Euclair's Madrid correspondent says that Great Britain's influence contributed to a modification of Spain's attitude toward Morocco, and persuaded her to co-operate effectively with French action and to conform to her rights and obligations as recognized by the treaty of Algeciras.

The correspondent at Madrid of The Matin says it is believed Spain will decide to send 5,000 infantry and 500 cavalry to occupy Tangier, Tetuan, and Larche, and establish a police force there.

NEW DISEASE CRIPPLES HANDS OF WORKINGMEN.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—A new disease which threatens to cripple thousands of workingmen has appeared. It affects the hands and forearms and has been pronounced incurable by Chicago physicians. In the medical books the malady is called "Dr. Armbruster's disease," but among the labor organizations it is known as "union paralysis."

It shortens the tendons of the arm resulting in a gradual contraction of the fingers and in some cases a complete closing of the hand. It is ascribed to strain on the muscles due to the use of modern tools and implements.

The spread of the disease in Chicago has been so rapid that the Steamfitters' union has started an investigation. Its president, John Mangan, was one of the first to be affected by it.

CLIFF HOUSE DESTROYED

Famous Hotel at San Francisco Burns to the Ground.

San Francisco, Sept. 9.—The Cliff house, San Francisco's first attraction for tourists, was burned to the ground Saturday night.

The fire left only a blackened heap of ruins in place of the porticoed wooden structure that overhung the Pacific coast, just outside the Golden Gate. Fanned by a lively ocean breeze, the flames made such headway that the firemen devoted themselves to saving adjoining property.

The Cliff house had been closed for some time for repairs. Workmen left the place at noon and how the fire started is not known.

Pensylvania's Length.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 6.—A report filed with the internal affairs department shows that the Pennsylvania railroad between Pittsburg and Philadelphia is 348.8 miles in length.

This report was filed in accordance with the recent law passed by the legislature. Persons traveling between the cities have been charged for 358 miles, this being the distance when the road was measured before the company began straightening its lines, and in the curves that have been removed within the last year the distance has been reduced four miles. There has been no corresponding reduction in the mileage. This reduction will be necessary now.

MIDDLE WEST CONTROL

Will Lead, Says Barrett, If Waterway Is Constructed.

Directors of Republics Says It Is Time America Improves Advantages.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—The great middle west will control the entire trade of southwest America when the Panama canal is completed, provided the deep water way from the lakes to the gulf is constructed. Otherwise it will be Japan, Germany and England which will exercise commercial sway over this vast empire to be opened up.

This statement was made yesterday by John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, who has been in Chicago for several days conferring with men interested in the deep waterway proposition. It is his contention that the federal government should lend all the aid necessary for the construction of this ship canal to make the great advantages of the Panama canal available to the Mississippi valley.

Mr. Barrett said: "It is not excessive to estimate the value of products which the republics will then be purchasing from foreign countries at $500,000,000. The major portion of these supplies will come from America, if the great manufacturing centers of the middle west are provided with water transportation. It requires no stretch of imagination to conceive of boats or barges loaded in Chicago, Joliet or other points in this manufacturing district, making the entire trip. America has been slow to improve its waterways, much more so than any other of the great powers, and it is time we awoke to the advantages to be obtained."

IS SORRY BURTON RUNS

Ralph Cole Regrets Cleveland Man's Action.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.—"My regret at the prospect of Representative Burton's retirement from congress is deep seated," said Representative Ralph Cole, of Findlay, who is in Washington today, when he heard of Mr. Burton's nomination for mayor of Cleveland. "I almost wish he would be defeated by Mayor Johnson, and tears that I would shed because Mr. Burton should not be elected mayor of Cleveland, would be forced. The Country and the Ohio delegation need Mr. Burton in congress. I suppose Cleveland has the first call upon Mr. Burton's services, but it does appear to me that Cleveland should be able to secure a mayor without taking such a strong man out of congress.

"Mr. Burton will surely honor the office of mayor, and I cannot see how he can be defeated. Of course I have no knowledge of the local situation, but on the merits of the two men it appears to me that there should be no doubt of Mr. Burton's election."

Mr. Cole was in Washington today on his way to the Jamestown exposition with the Second regiment of Ohio National Guard.

MASSACHUSETTS MEN WON

Take Honors in Regimental Match at Seagirt.

Seagirt, N. J., Sept. 6.—The New Jersey State Rifle association's interstate regimental match was won yesterday afternoon on the thousand yard range by the Sixth Massachusetts regiment team, which defeated the United States infantry and cavalry and three marine corps teams and teams from the state militia. The ranges were at two hundred, six hundred and one thousand yards. The Bay state sharpshooters defeated the regular infantry men by ten points. The respective scores being 756 and 746.

Squadron A, New York, once more, making the fifth year in succession, took the revolver match for teams of five, at slow and rapid fire with a score of 973.

The Hall match, ten shots at six hundred yards, for the trophy offered by Robert S. Hall, of Boston, was won by Lieutenant Townsend Whelan. United States infantry, who scored 49 points. Lieutenant C. F. Silvester, of the Second New Jersey, was second.

The all-comers revolver match was won by J. A. Dietz, of New York, with 125.

BURIED MONEY IN CELLAR

Now He's Out $675 and Suffering From Slugging.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 7.—While burying $675 in his cellar last night, Sam Westerfield, a colored restauranteur, was slugged by unknown robbers and his money taken from him. His head was badly cut and he was kicked into insensibility. Two negroes who worked for him during the last week have been arrested as suspects. The receipts of the restaurant have been large during the last week because of the state fair and he banked in the cellar each night.

Workingman's Money Now Has Greater Purchasing Power

Washington, Sept. 9.—The annual investigation of the bureau of labor into wages and the retail prices of food, the report on which has just been placed in the hands of the printer, shows that in the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries of the country average wages per hour in 1906 were 4.5 per cent higher than in 1905, the regular hours of labor per week were 0.5 per cent lower, and the number of employes in the establishments investigated was 7 per cent greater. The average full-time weekly earnings per employe in 1906 were 3.9 per cent greater than in 1905.

During 1906 wages were increased generally in nearly all industries, 40 of the 41 industries covered by the investigation showing some increase. The greatest increase was in the manufacture of cotton goods, where the average wages per hour in 1906 were 11.2 per cent higher than in 1905. In the manufacture of electrical apparatus and supplies the increase was 10.1 per cent. In street and steam car work done by contract the increase was 8.7 per cent; in iron and steel, Bessemer converting, 8.5 per cent, and in the manufacture of cigars, 8.4 per cent. In the manufacture of bar iron the increase in wages per hour was 6.9 per cent and in the building trades 6.1 per cent. Briefly stated, two industries showed an increase in hourly wages of more than 10 per cent, 7 industries an increase of 5 per cent but less than 10 per cent, and 31 industries an increase of less than 5 per cent. In one industry—paper and wood pulp—there was a decrease of 1.1 per cent. In the industries as a whole, weighted according to importance, the increase in hourly wages was 4.5 per cent.

The fact should be borne in mind that these figures apply only to wage-workers in manufacturing and mechanical industries and do not show conditions so far as salaried employes are concerned.

The retail prices of food, weighted according to consumption in representative workingmen's families, were 2.9 per cent higher in 1906 than in 1905. As the advance in wages per hour from 1905 to 1906 was greater than the advance in the retail prices of food, the purchasing power of an hour's wages, as measured by food, was greater in 1906 than in the preceding year.

As compared with the average for the ten-year period, 1890 to 1899, the average wages per hour in 1906 were 24.2 per cent higher, the number of employes in the establishments investigated was 42.9 per cent greater, and the average hours of labor per week were 4.6 per cent lower. The average earnings per employe per full week in 1906 were 18.5 per cent higher than the average earnings per full week during the ten years, 1890 to 1899.

The retail price of the principal articles of food, weighted according to family consumption of the various articles, was 15.7 per cent higher in 1906 than the average price for the ten years, 1890 to 1899. Compared with the average for the same ten-year period, the purchasing power of an hour's wages in 1906, as measured by food, was 7.3 per cent greater, and of a full week's wages 2.4 per cent greater, the increase in the purchasing power of the full week's wages being less than the increase in the purchasing power of hourly wages because of the reduction in the hours of labor.

Woman Is New Trust Buster

Washington, Sept. 7.—Attorney General Bonaparte has employed a woman, Mrs Mary Grace Quackenbos, of No. 253 Broadway, member of the New York bar, as special assistant in his anti-trust campaign.

Mrs. Quackenbos is in New Orleans investigating the tight combination in the lumber business created by Pearl Wight, prospective Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Just what phase of the combination is the object of her scrutiny was not divulged by the afficials of the Department of Justice, who admitted that she had been employed as a special assistant to Mr. Bonaparte. They said that she had been employed by Mr. Bonaparte himself and that she was doing confidential work for him. In New Orleans she also admitted it.

Women attorneys have been employed by the Department of Justice in other matters, but Mrs. Quackenbos is the first one to be given a brief in the fight against the trusts.

Wide latitude is given the Attorney General in the selection of assistants. Many of the men are not lawyers, some being employed in taking depositions and others to disclose places where evidence can be procured. But Mrs. Quackenbos is employed because she is a lawyer and Mr. Bonaparte was told, is capable and willing to undertake the work in opposition to the men employed on the other side.

Rockefeller Visits His Office

New York, Sept. 7.—For the first time since 1899 John D. Rockefeller has, during the week, paid several visits to his office at 26 Broadway. He has maintained a handsome supite of offices on the fourteenth floor of the Standard Oil building ever since he retired from the active management of the company eight years ago, but only his secretaries occupied them.

Mr. Rockefeller went to his office Tuesday, returned again Wednesday and Thursday and left Thursday night for Cleveland. His presence in Wall street led to a report that he had been to his office to confer with the directors and his secretaries as to the preparation of the appeal from the $29,240,000 fine recently imposed by Judge Landis.

A representative of Mr. Rockefeller denied this story with emphasis. He said Mr. Rockefeller had visited the offices to go over some personal matters with his secretary. He asserted that Mr. Rockefeller was leaving the government suit entirely to the active heads of the company. The Standard Oil financier was reported in excellent health and he desired it to be known that he had become a very prominent member of the "Don't Worry Club."

Oldest Mason in the World Celebrates 106th Birthday

Mt. Sunapee, N. H., Sept. 6.—James Bellows McGregor, said to be the oldest Mason in the world, celebrated his 106th birthday with a public reception today. He was born in 1801 a mile from where he now lives near here.

His joining of the Masonic order in 1827 makes him the oldest Mason on record in the world. Mt. Vernon lodge, F. and A. M., of Newport, attended the celebration in a body and the countryside gathered to do him honor.

WILL GO TO THE HAGUE

Fisheries Question to Be Settled by High Tribunal.

Washington, Sept. 9.—While the conclusion of the modus vivendi in London Saturday by Ambassador Reid and the British foreign office has probably obviated danger of serious friction between the American fishermen and the Newfoundland colonial authorities during the present herring season, it is said at the state department that the undertaking to submit to The Hague tribunal the broad proposition as to the right of a British colony to limit by local legislation rights conferred by treaty upon American fishermen will be carried out.

There is, however, no urgency at present and the indications are that no forward step will be made pending the adjournment of the second Hague conference now in session. Meanwhile Prof. Alexander, representing the American fish commission and the state department, will be in frequent conference with Sir Robert Bond, the Newfoundland premier, the outcome of which is expected to be some modifications of the existing modus that will tend to diminish the chances of friction during the time that must elapse before the general question of treaty rights can be adjudicated at The Hague, which will certainly not occur for many months to come.

DENY RAIL CONFERENCE

Presidents Did Not Discuss Laws, They Say.

New York, Sept. 7.—Informal gatherings this week of presidents of several western roads who have been in this city attending board meetings deferred from the summer months, gave rise to a well-defined report late yesterday that the executives of certain roads had met in conference at the Waldorf-Astoria to discuss the new law under which the railroads have been forced to charge to operating expenses that heretofore had been charged to construction account. It was further reported that one or more of the presidents had had a telephone conversation with President Roosevelt's secretary at Oyster Bay.

Several trunk line presidents denied last night that any such conference had been held and it was stated at the Waldorf that those railroad officials who had been early in the week to attend meetings of boards of directors had left for their homes. President Mather, of the Rock Island system, said concerning the reported conference:

"There has been no conference of railroad presidents; if there had been I should have known of it. Many railroaders were in the city early in the week to attend board meetings falling due at this time, but there was no conference."

BRADFORD'S TERM IS CUT

Commuted to Four Months If He Pays $5,500 Fine.

Washington, Sept. 9.—The President has commuted the sentence of James L. Bradford, who was convicted December 23, 1905, at New Orleans, of conspiracy to defraud the United States out of public lands and sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $5,500. Bradford did not begin to serve his sentence, however, owing to appeals until June 20, 1907. The President has commuted his sentence to four months' imprisonment, which will expire October 20, on condition that he pays the fine imposed. The reason for the commutation is said to be Bradford's extreme age and physical infirmities.

SAYS WIFE URGED HER

Declares Mrs. Earle Responsible for Marital Change.

New York, Sept. 7.—Miss Julia Kutner, the young woman whom Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the artist-Socialist, desires to marry after a divorce shall have been granted his wife, who is now on her way back to France, with their little son, is quoted, in a published interview today, as saying:

"I am not an interloper. I have not come between this man and his wife. Mrs. Earle is not a martyr. This day I would gladly give him up for duty's sake, although he is the only man I have ever loved, if the wife would consent, but she will not. It was her who urged me to try to fill the needs in his life, which she admits she has been unable to meet."

Miss Kutner said she came over from Europe nd went to the Earle's home solely to effect a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Earle. Earle, Miss Kutner said, had told her they were not happily married.

Miss Kutner is now in retirement in the Orange, N. J., mountains with a brother.

Meantime Earle, who manifests a strong desire to set himself right in the eyes of the public and to be allowed to return unmolested to resume his work at his home in Monroe, N. Y., has visited one of the newspapers and explained his position. He says that the prime cause of his trouble is the French system of arranging engagements, under which the engaged couple are mutually ignorant of each other's real habits and temperaments. He does not blame Mrs. Earle at all, but he contends that, owing to this French system, friction which existed during their engagement continued after their wedding and eventually led to their separation.

HAS WASHINGTON'S TOOTH

Roosevelt Not only President Whose Molar Is Preserved.

Oyster Bay, Sept. 9.—Theodore Roosevelt is not the only president from whose mouth a tooth has been preserved. Here in Oyster Bay is an artificial molar from the mouth of George Washington. It is mounted on a six-pointed velvet star, and contained in a gold box on the lid of which is a profile of Washington.

Of the genuineness of the relic there is no doubt. It is one of the many mementoes of the revolutionary period with which the old Townsend homestead, where Major Andre lived up to within a week of his capture, is filled.

The tooth, which is fashioned from the ivory of an elephant's tusk, came into the possession of Peter S. Townsend, and the certificate attesting it to be one of Washington's false teeth is in the handwriting of Townsend himself. The ink is faded, but with the aid of a glass may be read.

TRAIN GOES INTO CREEK

Five Persons Seriously Injured —Cause of Wreck Unknown

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 7.—By the derailment of an eastbound Seaboard Air Line passenger train at Wilcox Creek, one mile from here, last night, five persons were seriously injured and many others slightly cut and bruised. The entire train, with the exception of the engine and rear coach, left the track and went into the creek. The cause of the accident has not yet been learned.

CAN'T BUY CIGARETS AT ANY PRICE

Washington Law, Just Effective, Providing Heavy Punishment, Banishes Little White Smokes

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 9.—A $5 gold piece could not be exchanged for a cigaret over the counter of any tobacconist in Spokane or throughout the state of Washington today, the anti-white stick law, enacted by the last legislature, providing for fines up to $100 or not more than 30 days' imprisonment, or both, being in operation.

However, this does not prevent smokers from getting their "dope," as dealers at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, thirty-four miles east of here, and Baker City, Oregon.; Whitefish, Mont., and other towns outside the state, have laid in big stocks, one of them in the Idaho city having invested $50,000 in manufactured cigarets and papers and tobaccos in anticipation of a heavy mail order business.

Dealers in Spokane sold their remaining stock at bargain counter rates the night of August 31, and what was left at midnight, when the "lid" was clamped on, they gave away or destroyed in the streets, while jobbers sent their supplies to Oregon, Idaho and Montana.

It is estimated that smokers in Spokane spent from $450 to $500 a day for cigarets before the law went into effect, and, while many probably will smoke pipes and cigars in the future or quit the habit, it is declared that at least $100,000 a year will be spent on the "sticks" outside the state, as the law does not prohibit anyone from smoking them.

There were reports that several of the big eastern and southern factories would make a test case in Spokane, but this has been abandoned, since competent lawyers declare the law is constitutional.

U. S. CAVALRY WINS DRYDEN TROPHY

Most Coveted Prize at Sea Girt Shoot Won Only After Exciting Finish.

Seagirt, N. J., Sept. 7.—The $3,000 Dryden trophy and $150 cash, the most coveted prize offered at the New Jersey Rifle Association tournament, was won yesterday in an exciting finish by the United States cavalry team which scored 1,001 points. The next contestant was the Massachussetts team, with 977. The second prize is $100. The Maryland marksmen surprised the field by taking third place, with 976 points, defeating New Jersey by ve points. The third prize is $50. The Jersey men's 971 is tied by the army infantrymen, but the regulars did not shoot so well by three points on the thousand yard targets and so had to take fifth place. The marine corp was sixth, with 954, and the District of Columbia team seventh, with 953.

In the thousand yards competition Massachusetts and Maryland contested for second place and the $100 cash prize. When Sergeant C. J. Feffers, of the Bay state team, came up for his last shot he had to hit the target or have his team third. He made a bullseye.

The Massachusetts team had the misfortune to lose one of its most experienced shots this morning, private J. W. Burns. He was called to Lowell by the accidental shooting of his brother.

Massachusetts had no substitute and was about to withdraw from the match when Col. John Caswell, Massachusetts state inspector of small arms practice, chanced to come to the range. He was at once put into the breach. Half of the District of Columbia men were new men who had never been in a tournament.

ARABS PLAN AN ATTACK

Heavy Loss in Battle Does Not Discourage Them.

Mulai Hafig Will Take Over Arms and Ammunition Stored at Mazagan.

Casablanca, Sept. 7.—Although the Arabs suffered severely in the engagement of Tuesday, one tribe, the Medakras, losing fifty men killed out of 2,500 engaged, they are in no wise discouraged and already are planning for a fresh attack on the French. Maelelin, the fanatical priest, has sent a messenger to the Arab camp at Taddert, announcing his early arrival, and this has produced a deep impression on the tribesmen.

Wednesday and Thursday passed very quietly. A heavy fog enveloped Casablanca and the surrounding country, and because of it operations have been practically impossible. The French outposts observed several groups of Arabs searching the battlefield of Tuesday for objects abandoned in the flight.

To Take Over Arms.

Paris, Sept. 7.—Dispatches received here last evening declare that a delegate from Mulai Hafig is expected shortly at Mazagan to take over the arms and ammunition from the customs authorities there. As Vice Admiral Philibert reports renewed activity on the part of the partisans of Mulai Hafig at Mazagan, it is not likely that the customs officials will offer any objections to this step, particularly as the delegate will give guarantees that the arms and ammunition in question will not get to the tribesmen now before Casablanca.

Germany Approves Plan.

Berlin, Sept. 7.—Germany's reply to France's circular note to the signatories of the Algeciras convention will not be drawn up before Monday next.

It is understood in the most influential quarters that Germany will not give a negative reply to the suggestion that the international Moroccan police be temporarily constituted from purely French and Spanish elements. Some reserves, however, will certainly be made on the subject.

THREE BURN TO DEATH

Hotel Destroyed by Fire, Caused by Lightning.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 9.—Fire early this morning destroyed the hotel at Cleveland Springs, N. C., and three people were burned to death.

They are Miss Smith, of Ellboro, N. C., and two unidentified negroes employed by the hotel.

The loss is about $25,000, with $10,000 insurance. Little was saved by the guests. Lightning started the fire.

GLOVER IS SATISFIED.

Mrs. Eddy's Son Says Her Property Is Safeguarded.

Deadwood, S. D., Sept. 4.—George W. Glover, son of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science church, who has just returned from Concord, N. H., gave out for publication a statement relative to the dismissal of the suit for an accounting brought by himself and others as "next friends" of Mrs. Eddy against Calvin A. Frye and others.

"The fact has been disclosed that Mrs. Eddy was worth over a million dollars, when it had been claimed she was worth only about eighty thousand," said Mr. Glover. "Five days after the suit was brought she was constrained to put substantially all her property into the hands of three trustees and safeguard it in much the same way that we meant to protect it when we brought the suit. That result was enough if no more has been done.

"I shall stand ready to defend the rights of my mother and my rights as her only child and heir. For the present I am satisfied with having forced the execution of the trust deed, which has taken the control of her property out of the hands of men in whom I have no confidence.

"My only regret is that my mother is left under their baneful influence, to be kept by them a virtual prisoner in her own home during the remainder of her life.

"This feeling is embittered by the fact that, while recently in Concord, N. H., my brother and I were not permitted to see her unless we agreed to conditions which our sense of honor rendered impossible."

PASTORS' FATAL QUARREL

One Minister Kills Another While in Argument.

Little Rock, Sept. 9.—In a quarrel over a hog, Rev. John Grant, a Methodist minister of Galloway, Ark., yesterday shot and killed Rev. Martin Glenn, a Baptist minister.

WRECKED BY PRESIDENT

The Charge When Receiver Is Named for Belding-Hall.

Some Sensational Surprises Promised When Receiver's Report Is Made Public.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7.—Reckless squandering of $315,000 of the Belding-Hall Manufacturing company's money by its president, Jesse E. Hall, who has been in hiding for several days, was charged yesterday, when, owing to his alleged shortage, the concern was placed in the hands of a receiver.

Buying of wild-cat mining stock, financing theatrical companies and loans to employes and friends, it is said, were parts of Mr. Hall's queer financial system which has brought on disaster.

According to some reports, Hall is hiding somewhere in Canada, where he fled from the consequences of his wild plunging. He will be found if possible, and called to account.

The charges thus far against Hall, as embodied in a statement by James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank, are that Hall used the firm's money as if it were his own, and with an evident disregard of consequences.

Owes Bank $100,000.

The Belding-Hall concern owes the First National Bank $100,000, secured by a note signed by Hall, as president. The bank stands to lose about $25,000, according to an estimate made by President Forgan yesterday, and this brought the announcement by Mr. Forgan that he had asked his attorney, Orville Peckham, if a criminal prosecution could not follow.

When asked if the placing of the firm's affairs in the hands of a receiver was due to existing financial conditions, Mr. Forgan said:

"No, it is not. It is due to the fact that Jesse E. Hall, president of the company, and some of the other employes appropriated a large amount of the company's funds to their personal use. The statement submitted to the creditors shows that over $300,000 has been so appropriated."

The big deficit, which astonished financiers yesterday, is represented only by promissory notes of Hall and similar notes unbacked by securities given by friends and employes who found he was easy to borrow money from.

The receiver, Frank H. Jones, who is secretary of the American Trust and Savings bank, made a hurried examination of the accounts of the company after he was appointed by Referee Eastman yesterday, and found the liabilities would amount to nearly $700,000 and that the assets would reach $450,000. He then went to Belding, Mich., where the factory of the concern is located. He will take possession of the property and will have an inventory made, so that creditors will know how much they can realize on the assets. It is estimated by Attorney Jacob Newman, counsel for the receiver, that the firm would be able to pay 75 cents on the dollar gross, but that this would be reduced, on account of expenses, to about 65 cents.

Surprises Promised.

It was President Forgan that first made the statement that Hall and other employes had appropriated more than $300,000 for their personal use. This was afterward corroborated by Attorney Newman and will be given in detail when the receiver makes his report.

When the receiver's figures are ready there will be several surprises, as then the names of the borrowers of money on their personal notes will be made known. It is understood that there will be a general scurry to get under cover by meeting the loans before Receiver Jones reports.

SEARCH FOR EARTHQUAKE

Officials Bother Brains About Last Seismic Disturbance.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Government officials of both the United States and Canada are searching for an earthquake. The record sheet of the seismograph for September 2 indicates a disturbance of unusual violence, and it is the belief of local scientists that the cause was to be found in a spot about 6,300 miles from the United States. London obervers place this same point about 7,000 miles from London. Official brains are bothering themselves in an attempt to find the intersection of these lines.

The disturbance came on Labor day, when government offices were closed and official minds were at rest. At 11.12.18 a. m. the first tremors were recorded, and the subsequent observations indicated a shaking of the earth greater than that at Kingston, Jamaica, last January.

FIFTY PERSONS INJURED

Boiler of Cotton Gin Explodes —Many Farmers Victims.

Temple, Tex., Sept. 7.—Fifty persons were injured at Holaind by the explosion of a boiler in a gin owned by S. H. Barton. Samuel, William and Blake Barton were seriously injured. Many of the injured were farmers waiting to have cotton handled. Flying debris caused horses to stampede.

SUFFERED FOR 15 YEARS

With Torturing Eczema—All Sorts of Remedies Failed—Friend Recommended Cuticura, Which Cured at Trifling Cost.

"I have had eczema for over fifteen years, and have tried all sorts of remedies to relieve me, but without avail. I stated my case to one of my friends, and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I bought them with the thought that they would be unsuccessful, as with the others. But after using them for a few weeks I noticed to my surprise that the irritation and peeling of the skin gradually decreased, and finally, after using five cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment it disappeared entirely. I feel now like a new man, and I would gladly recommend these remedies to all who are afflicted with skin diseases. David Blum, Box A, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905."

JAP IS VICTIM OF RAID

International Complications Are Looked For.

Affair Is Cabled to Tokio and Indemnity Is to Be Demanded.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 9.—Following a riot Saturday night, in which Chinatown and the Japanese quarters were raided and damage done approximating $15,000, a further demonstration occurred later, in which Kicki Yiro Ishii, chief of the bureau of foreign commerce and head of the Japanese consular service, and Consul Saburo Hisamidzu, of Seattle, were the central figures, and in which riot a number of people were bruised and injured by broken bottles and flying brickbats in the hands of a frenzied mob.

Baron Ishii and Consul Hisamidzu finally made their escape through the mob, and the affair was immediately cabled to Tokio.

Coincident with the riot was the arrival of a steamship having on board at least five hundred Japanese. With a common impulse the mob surged to the water front, and as soon as the Japs came down the gang plank they were met by the rioters. Seven or eight of the Japanese were unceremoniously picked up and thrown into Buzzard inlet.

Still further rioting occurred when a crowd of about 4,000 laborers started on the war path, but were finally quelled by the police after about twenty arrests had been made.

Last night Chinatown was roped off and the quarter of the orientals guarded by the police. Baron Ishii gave out an interview, in which he stated that he had cabled to Ambassador Kane, at London, apprising him of the events here. Indemnity from the city to the amount of $25,000 will be claimed. Mayor Bethune declares the indemnity will not be paid and the affair will be taken up with the dominion government.

Saturday night's rioting was the worst in the history of western Canada. International complications are looked for.

English Papers Silent.

London, Sept. 9.—The attack upon the Japanese and Chinese at Vancouver places the English newspapers in an embarrassing and amusing position. Several of the most prominent of them were particularly severe upon the San Francisco "hoodlums" when the outbreak of mob violence occurred there. They are now confronted with a more serious situation in a British colony and apparently are at a loss what to say. The majority remain silent.

Burned in Effigy.

Montreal, Quebec, Sept. 9.—A special from Vancouver says: Saturday night the Asiatic Exclusion League held a parade and later a meeting, at which Lieutenant Governor Dunsmuir, who vetoed the bill introduced by the present attorney general, to enforce the natal act in British Columbia, was burned in effigy, and a resolution was passed to ask the Dominion government to allow this bill to become law. It was after that that the mob stormed Chinatown.

BROKER'S WIFE MURDERED

And Fish Is in Critical Condition From Wounds.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Mrs. Fred M. Fish, the wife of a wealthy retired broker, was found murdered in her home at 423 Davis street, Evanston, early today. Her husband, with his throat cut, was found

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Send us $3.00 and we will ship you in a plain case with no marks to show contents, four full quarts of ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY, express prepaid. Try it and if you do not find it all right and the best you ever tasted, send it back to us at our expense and your $3.00 will be promptly refunded. Isn't that a fair offer?

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Orders for Ark., Cal., Colo., Fla., Ida., Mass., Minn., Mont., Nev., New Mexico, N. D., Okla., Ore., R. I., Utah, Wash., Wyo., or La., must call for twenty quarts or more by freight prepaid.

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LEADER OF THEOSOPHISTS ARRIVES

Mrs. Annie Besant Comes From Europe—Will Attend Big Chicago Convention.

New York, September 10.—Mrs. Annie Besant arrived in New York city today. She sailed from Bremen September 3 on the new steamer Kronprinzessin Cecilie, of the North German Lloyd line. She is accompanied to this country by Mrs. Marie Barnard Russak, daughter of the late Judge Barnard, of California.

Mrs. Besant is looked upon as the most advanced speaking Theosophist in the world. The successor of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and Col. Henry Steele Olcott, as world leader of the Theosophical Society, she comes to America at this time especially to attend the twenty-first annual convention of the American section of the society, which begins in Chicago next Sunday. This year's convention promises to be one of the most vital in the history of the American branch of the organization, and delegates from all parts of the world will attend.

Mrs. Besant will remain in the United States about a month, returning then to Adyar, India, headquarters of the society over whose destiny she is to preside as president. While here she will deliver a set of lectures on occult subjects, speaking first in Chicago September 13, 14, 15 and 17. Later she will lecture in Boston, Philadelphia and lastly in New York just before sailing for home.

Mrs. Besant is possessed of marvelous personal magnetism, and even those who do not share her work often speak of her as one of the most wonderful women of the age. She is an eloquent orator. Her oratory is classic, her lectures masterpieces of art. She is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and equally at home before an Oriental, French, German or English audience.

INJURED GIRL SUES DR. JULIAN THOMAS

Miss Hess, Hurt in Auto Accident, Asks Damages in Sum of $25,000.

New York, Sept. 10.—Miss Frances Hess, who was injured in an automobile accident while riding with Dr. Julian P. Thomas, has sued the physician-aeronaut for $25,000 damages for the injuries she received. Miss Hess lives at No. 268 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street. The accident occurred in Jerome avenue last July, and the doctor is still on crutches from the injuries he received.

He will contest the suit to the finish, he said at his home, No. 172 West Seventy-second street, and will sue the city for damages. He has not decided just how much he will demand, but it will be $50,000 or $100,000.

"I fail to see how Miss Hess can hope to recover damages from me," said Dr. Thomas. "She was not paying for the ride, but was my guest. I think she would have had a better chance in suing the city.

"The accident was caused by two trolley wire supports which stood in the middle of Jerome avenue. I had often passed the place and realized the danger the poles offered. There had been rain the night of the accident and there was fog. The auto slid down the hill and into the poles."

Tramp Steamer Encounters Misfortune in Big Bunches

Boston, Sept. 10.—Misfortune seldom comes in such bunches as they did to the tramp steamer Riverton, which has arrived here from Java, with a cargo of sugar. Many times in the long voyage here her chances of ever arriving in port were slim.

She had hardly gone to sea when she stuck her nose into a coral reef and remained hard and fast five days. A portion of her cargo had to be lightered before the vessel floated. Though somewhat damaged, she proceeded.

Fierce monsoons were encountered on the way to the Gulf of Aden, the sea raking the steamer fore and aft, smashing deck fittings and endangering the lives of the crew. On approaching the coast of Arabia, a black cloud appeared on the horizon. It settled on the steamer and proved to be a mighty swarm of black insects. The sailors rushed to their quarters through an atmosphere of living things. The ship was coveed a foot thick with locusts.

The crew, composed of Greeks, Italians and Maltese, refused to fight the insects, and the captain ordered out the fire hose, and lanes were swept clear through which the men worked with shovels and piled the insects overboard.

A terrible sandstorm struck the Riverton and again the crew was driven to cover. The storm lasted an hour and when the gale was over an inch of gray sand had been piled all over the superstructure.

To complete the misfortune, several sailors, who owned pet monkeys, placed them in cages next the funnel to keep them warm. The wind changed and the funnel gratings became so hot that the monkeys were roasted alive.

Twelve Lawyers, One a Woman, Compose a Damage Suit Jury

Aurora, Ill., Sept. 10.—Twelve attorneys, one of them the only woman practitioner in the county, composed a jury in the Kane county circuit court yesterday, that heard a damage suit brought by Rudolph Brudinak, of Chicago, against the N. K. Fairbanks Canning Co., also of Chicago.

Judge Willis, of the northern Illinois district of the appellate court, presided in the unusual case. The plaintiff in the suit lost an arm while in the employ of the company, and after a fifteen minute trial the jury returned a verdict in his favor for $1,275, the money being paid him immediately following the finding of the verdict.

Mysterious Cave Attracts Attention of Scientists

Worcester, Mass., September 10.—"Purgatory," a cave only a few miles from this city, many of whose mysterious by-paths have yet to be explored, is now attracting the attention of scientists all over New England, because of the failure of Miss Lucia S. Thompson, of Boston, a well known mountain climber, to penetrate the cavern. Miss Thompson found herself unable to proceed much beyond the entrance to the cavern as it was ice-bound.

No one has yet had the courage to penetrate the furthest depths of the cave, and such an attempt is admittedly frought with danger, for at its bottom is an unexplored subterranean river or lake. There are scarcely three months in the year in which it is possible to enter the cave.

Miss Annie Peck, whose feats of mountain climbing have given her fame, will try to explore the cavern.

FARMERS SAVED THE TOWN

But $15,000 Damage Was Done by Fire.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 5.—Farmers from the surrounding country, summoned by a telephone alarm, saved the village of Topeka, Lagrange county, from destruction by fire last night. The loss is $15,000, including W. A. Sessline's hardware store, $5,000, and Elza Park's building, $5,000. The rest were small losses. The insurance is only partial.

TWO CENTS IN KANSAS.

Topeka, Kas., Sept. 5.—The state board of railroad commissioners, after deciding to allow Kansas railroads to show by testimony why they considered a two-cent passenger fare order illegal and unjust, ordered all the railroads of Kansas to make a flat two-cent rate beginning October 1. The decision was unanimous. The railroads gave no intimation of what action they might take.

ARCTIC EXPLORERS SAFE

Captain Mikelsen and Men Escape From Ice Fields.

London, Sept. 7.—The Evening News announces that a cable dispatch was received in London today from Gibbon, Alaska, saying that Captain Mikelsen, of the Arctic steamer Duchess of Bedford, and his companions are safe, having traversed the ice to a place of safety after the wreck of the ship.

FIFTY ARE BURIED ALIVE

Avalanche of Snow Kills Half Hundred in Chile.

Santiago, Chile, Sept. 5.—Fifty persons are said to have been buried alive by a vast avalanche of snow that has rolled down the mountain side and obliterated the Chilean custom house at Juncal. This station is on the Argentine frontier, high up in the Andes.

HIS CELL IS REFUSED

Confessed Thief Put on Honor by Judge Landis.

Mail Carrier's Remarkable Fidelity Rewarded by Further Respite.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10.—Keeping perfect faith with the judge who sentenced him to a year's imprisonment, John E. McCaffrey reported at the Bridewell yesterday to take his punishment. He was refused the penalty that he was ready to accept because no commitment papers had been made out for him.

Turned away from the iron gates, but still obedient to the law's command, McCaffrey proceeded to the federal building in search of Judge Landis, but he was away. McCaffrey explained to the federal officials that he had been sent to the bridewell, but had been allowed two months' of grace in which to provide for the support of his wife and baby.

His fidelity was again rewarded by a respite, for no documents bearing on his case could be found. Now he must wait until September 23, when Judge Landis returns, in order to learn his fate.

Confessed Theft.

The story of McCaffrey's crime and punishment is an unusual one. Two months ago he was brought before Judge Landis charged with the theft of money from a letter intrusted to him in his capacity of mail carrier. His youth and poverty and the fact that his wife had just given birth to a child won the sympathy of the judge, who said, when he pronounced sentence:

"You can have two months' time in which to earn money for the support of your wife and baby. At 10 o'clock on the morning of September 9 you will report at the bridwell to serve one year as punishment for the crime to which you have confessed."

McCaffrey went back to his home at 403 Robey street, resolved to make every effort to explate his offense. He secured another position, and worked hard, saving all the money possible in order to leave his family a little hoard when he went into incarceration.

Exactly at 10 o'clock yesterday morning he entered the office of the bridewell, accompanied by his young wife, who was in tears, and his sister-in-law. The final good-bys were said, and then the would-be prisoner explained his case to the receiving clerk.

No Papers Made Out.

Amazed, the official galled in Superintendent Whitman, who listened to McCaffrey's story, but said that he could not legally be admitted. Chief Deputy United States Marshal Wolf was called up on the telephone, but he stated that no papers had been made out for McCaffrey.

"I'll play square with the judge," McCaffrey declared, and started downtown. He met with the same kindly rebuff at the federal buildings. Joseph O'Sullivan, deputy district court clerk, informed him that he had been sentenced in words only, and that the matter must wait until Judge Landis returns. McCaffrey will report to O'Sullivan every day until that time.

Superintendent Whitman says that if McCaffrey is finally committed to the bridewell he may have the freedom of the institution.

TEARS GAINED RELEASE

Modiste Says She Did Not Mean to Smuggle.

New York, Sept. 10.—Many tears were shed yesterday at United States Commissioner Ridgeway's office in the federal building, by Mme. Celeste Spare Hughes, the dressmaker, who was arrested after her arrival on the French line steamship La Savole Sunday. Mme. Hughes had a third trunk that she did not declare, which was filled with a lot of fine Paris gowns. Mme. Hughes through her tears, told a hard luck story when she was arraigned before Commissioner Ridgeway. She said it was her first trip abroad as a purchaser of gowns and that the trunk she didn't declare was not hers.

"While in Paris I met a woman who is in the dressmaking trade in this city. She and her husband were very kind to me and when the woman asked me if I wouldn't bring over a trunk full of clothes for her, I agreed to do so. It seems that these gowns—they are really models of Paris creations,—could not be completed before my friends sailed and I was to bring the trunk along with me. I was told that the woman or her husband would meet me when La Savole docked here and that all matters in connection with the trunk would be adjusted.

"Now I didn't declare that trunk because I had no right to. It was not mine. For some reason my friends didn't show up at the dock and I was arrested."

Mme. Hughes was first ordered held in $1,000 bail by Commissioner Ridgeway, but after he had heard her story he ordered her paroled on her own recognizance until a further hearing of the case on Wednesday morning.

DEERE IS SERIOUSLY ILL

With a Disease That Is Usually Considered Fatal.

Chicago, Sept. 5.—Charles H. Deere, the millionaire plow manufacturer of Moline, Ill., after a three years' search in vain for relief from stomach trouble, is a patient at a private hospital, suffering from pernicious anaemia, usually a fatal disease. Mr. Deere, who is 70 years old, has little chance for ultimate recovery, according to the hospital authorities.

His wife, a prominent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has arrived in Chicago and will remain indefinitely. Mrs. William Butterworth, their only living child, has been summoned from Mexico, where she has been traveling with her husband. Mr. Deere was born in Vermont in 1837.

SEVEN KILLED IN STORM

Met Death in Seeking Shelter in Power Plant.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 5.—Details of the disastrous effect of a lightning storm at Buckhorn Falls Tuesday show that seven men were killed and ten injured. A heavy storm had forced 50 to 70 men to seek shelter in the Buckhorn Falls power plant. Lightning struck a large tree back of the house and the tree, splitting, fell over the building, instantly killing two white men and five negroes and injuring three whites and seven negroes, all of them residents of this vicinity.

GOVERNOR AT JAMESTOWN

Participates in Rhode Island Celebration.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 10.—Governor Harris, of Ohio, and party arrived at the Jamestown exposition yesterday for the Ohio celebration Wednesday. The governor today participated in the Rhode Island celebration with Governor Higgins, of the latter state.

HE WAS CAUGHT IN A FROG

Barberton Man Smoked While, Foot Off, He Waited for Aid.

Akron, O., Sept. 10.—Calmly smoking a cigar, John Strayer, of Barberton, was found yesterday on the Erie railroad tracks, between Rittman and Sterling, with his foot cut off. Unable to get help, he had sat for twelve hours waiting for assistance.

Strayer was walking on the track from Rittman to Sterling to catch a train when his foot caught in a frog just before the midnight flyer appeared. He frantically tried to secure his release and as a final effort attempted to unlace his shoe, but he was too late.

With a scream Strayer threw his weight to one side, breaking his ankle before the wheels passed over it.

NIAGARA TURNED COLORS OF RAINBOW

Under Powerful Searchlights—Power of Great Falls Used to Illuminate the Cataract.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 5.—For the first time, last night the power of Niagara Falls was turned back to illuminate the falls themselves. Lights aggregating 1,115, 000,000 candle power, thrown from thirty-six great lensed reflectors, changed the tumbling mass of water into a sparkling cataract. Twenty-one fifteen-inch and fifteen thirty-inch searchlights, set in batteries scattered along the gorge and the cliffs above on the Canadian side, converged their rays, first on the American falls and then on the Horseshoe. At first the light was white, but gradually into it crept a rose tint, then one of green, of yellow, of blue, until the foaming mass of water glittered with all the soft tints of the rainbow. So well were the lights managed that even under them the grace and the natural dignity of the falls did not suffer, but were enhanced.

Occasionally all the lights were turned upward, their rays forming a great colored fan, visible on clear nights for one hundred miles. Again, they would converge on the smoke from a bomb, making of it a slowly rising pillar of constantly changing color.

The lighting was designed, and the plant, the largest of its kind in the world, was installed by W. D. A. Ryan, of the General Electric company. The plan was conceived by Mayor A. C. Douglas, of Niagara Falls, and the expense is borne by the business men of the city. It will be continued for at least thirty days, and in all probability permanently.

AMERICAN YACHT WINNER

Chewink VIII Sails Splendidly Off Spain.

Bilbao, Spain, Sept. 4.—The American Sonder class yacht Chewink VIII. won the first race today in the international contest for the Marie Christine cup, distance 7½ miles. The time was 2 hours, 14 minutes, 11 seconds. The American yacht Marblehead was second and the Spanish yacht Doriga was third. The American yacht Spokane I. finished seventh.

King Alfonso witnessed the start, but did not follow the race on account of a portion of the rigging of the royal yacht having carried away. His majesty congratulated the winner and drank the health of the Americans in the club house, which rang with cheers for the victorious American yacht.

PRESIDENT TAKES NO PART

Roosevelt Will Not Have Hand in Cleveland Contest.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 10.—President Roosevelt will take no part in the mayoralty contest at Cleveland. This was made plain by Secretary Loeb. It has been said that Republican leaders in that city hoped that the President, in his forthcoming visit to Cleveland, could be induced to make a speech urging the election of Congressman T. E. Burton, the Republican candidate for mayor, who will run against Mayor Tom L. Johnson, the probable Democratic nominee.

Secretary Loeb said that the President, if he spoke at Cleveland, would have nothing to say regarding Congressman Burton's candidacy.

TAFT GUEST OF SEATTLE

Secretary Enjoying Receptions and Dinners Before Sailing.

Seattle, Washington, Sept. 10.—Secretary of War Taft, who will sail for the Philippines Thursday afternoon, at a mass meeting yesterday afternoon in the Grand Opera house, discussed the Roosevelt administration and the Roosevelt policies.

The Ohio society and Taft club joined last night in a reception to the secretary of war at the rooms of the Seattle Athletic club. A dinner was given at the University club today. On Wednesday he will make a flying trip to Aberdeen.

SHORTAGE OF STAMPS IN BALTIMORE OFFICE.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 10.—For the first time in its history the Baltimore postoffice yesterday ran out of stamps of the popular denominations.

By some oversight no provision was made for the extra demand due to the sending of Hebrew New Year cards, of which an immense number were offered for mailing.

The great bulk of these were to be mailed under one-cent stamps, the supply of which was exhausted early in the day. Then the call was for two-cent stamps until these too, became so scarce that only the most limited quantities could be purchased. The supplies of the branch offices and drug stores were requisitioned by the central postoffice in the effort to supply the demand.

ELEPHANTS TO THE RESCUE

One Lifts Engine Off Man, Others Extinguish Flames.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 4.—Bacil, the mother of Jumbo, an elephant over 200 years of age, saved the life of a man at Wheeling, W. Va., yesterday. A freight train was wrecked near Morgantown, the engineer being caught underneath the locomotive. The wreck caught fire, and it appeared as if the man was doomed. The sections following the wrecked train, having aboard a circus, came up, and Bacil lifted the wrecked locomotive with her trunk from the body of the engineer. Eight other elephants filled their trunks with river water and extinguished the burning cars.

TWO HUNDRED MINERS ARE ENTOMBED

Believed That Twenty-seven Are Dead—Fire Damp Cause of Disaster.

San Antonio, Sept. 10.—Probably more than 200 men are cut off from the surface by the flames that followed the explosion in the Las Esperanzas mine, in Mexico. Unless assistance is given them soon all may perish. Relief parties worked all Saturday and Sunday and last night, but have made no headway against the flames.

It is estimated that twenty-seven miners were killed and at least 130 injured.

The explosion, which is believed to have been caused by firedamp, occurred at a time of day when the mine was filled with workmen. The escape of those not injured is considered remarkable. Some of the men brought to the surface were badly crushed and will die. This is the second calamity at the Las Esperanzas mines, and great excitement prevails there.

The surviving miners are in an ugly mood and the officers and the buildings of the mines are being guarded against possible violence.

BELIEVE LUSITANIA MAKING RECORD

Cunard Line Officials Confident New Liner Will Beat Time of the Lucania.

New York, September 10.—Officials of the Cunard line said today that they had received no advices from the new steamship Lusitania since she was reported by wireless late Sunday emerging from a fog bank many miles to the westward of Queenstown with her great engines driving her along at 25 knots. That the Lusitania will create a new speed record in her maiden trip to America is confidently believed by officials of the Cunard line, who expect to get word from her when she enters the wireless zone of Cape Race on Wednesday.

The Lusitania was handicapped by fogs during the first part of her trip, but dispatches received by the company show that the steamship's machinery was running smoothly and any time lost by slowing down in the fog will doubtless be made up later.

The westbound record from Daunt's rocks to Sandy Hook lightship which the Lusitania is striving to beat is 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes, made by the Lucania, of the Cunard line in 1894. The Lucania left Queenstown last Sunday 30 minutes ahead of her new sister, but within six hours after the Lusitania had left Queenstown she had passed the Lucania and taken the lead in the race across the Atlantic.

ANTWERP THREATENED

Big Fire Started in Lumber District by Rioters.

Antwerp, Sept. 5.—The fire which was started in a lumber yard last night by rioters, necessitating calling out troops to assist the firemen in fighting the flames, is still burning today, threatening the destruction of the lumber and warehouse district of the city. Help has been summoned from Brussels and Ghent.

BURTON IS NOMINATED

Named Candidate for Mayor by Acclamation.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 7.—Congressman Theodore Burton, chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors, was today nominated by acclamation for mayor of Cleveland at the Republican city convention. Francis W. Treadway was nominated for vice mayor.

SENSATION IS PROMISED

Prominent Persons May Be Involved in Steel Failure.

Bristol, Va., Sept. 6.—There is now little hope of the compromising of the claims against the Union Iron and Steel corporation, for which a receiver was appointed by Judge Skeen, of the United States court, Monday, and a number of additional creditors have joined in the receivership proceedings. The additional petitioners include the Keystone Coal and Iron corporation, Norton corporation and Kelly & Erwin.

Officials of the Union Iron and Steel corporation refuse to make any statement for publication in connection with its present embarrassment, and there is an undercurrent rumor that the next few days may see sensational developments involving prominent persons.

ROBBERS DYNAMITE BANK

Hold Citizens at Bay and Escape on a Handcar.

Frankfort, S. D., Sept. 7.—The James River Bank, of Frankfort, was dynamited yesterday and looted of $8,000. Seven charges of dynamite were used in blowing open the vault and the safe. Persons aroused by the explosion were prevented from interfering by robber guards stationed at the front and rear of the bank. Frank Fitzpatrick, a hotel guest, who sought to break through the guards was shot. His wound is not serious.

Many shots were fired to keep the citizens at bay while the robbers went from the bank, broke into a section house on the Chicago and Northwestern railway, stole a hand car and escaped.

PREPARES FOR SEC. TAFT

Kaiser Begins Arrangements for Secretary's Reception.

Berlin, Sept. 10.—Emperor William, it is stated, will make a special effort to give the American secretary of war, William H. Taft, a hearty reception and memorable entertainment during his sojourn here two months hence. Already the several officials who will have the arrangements in charge are holding conferences on the subject. The emperor will probably receive Mr. Taft at Potsdam castle.

FOR FIGHTING AND VOTING

Roosevelt First Qualified Himself, He Tells Palma Winners

Oyster Bay, Sept. 10.—The American rifle team, which won the Palma trophy at Ottawa, Canada, Saturday, was received by President Roosevelt yesterday. The President expressed much interest in the contest. In an informal chat he emphasized the importance of the individual rifleman, both as a shot and as an instructor in time of war.

The President told the men that one of the first things he did when he left college was to join the national guard and a political club, as he believed it desirable for every citizen of this country to qualify himself to do his own fighting and voting.

GIRLS ARE SEARCHED

N. Y. Customs Officials Confiscate Costly Garments.

Allowed to Go Free After Inspection and Are Taken in Tow by Chicagoan.

New York, Sept. 10.—Customs officers after searching two young women passengers arriving here yesterday on the steamship La Gascogne, confiscated several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and laces. The women, who said they were Misses Agnew and Catherine Barett, 25 and 23 years old respectively, of French Lick, Ind., were allowed to go free. They were taken care of by a middle-aged man, who said he was Professor Rudolph von Bachelle, a chemist, of Chicago, who, it is said, is engaged to one of them.

Wore Long Coats.

When they left the steamship both of the girls wore long coats reaching almost to their heels. This aroused the suspicions of the customs officer, and when about $50 worth of goods that the officials allege had not been declared was found in their trunks, the two girls were invited to step into a little house on the pier.

There they were compelled to remove their long coats, and underneath it was found each of the girls had on a beautiful long lace opera coat worth at least $500. Both of the girls broke down and wept, and Bachelle criticised the inspectors for their action.

When asked if they had anything else that had not been declared, both insisted that they had not, but the inspectors refused to belive them, and two women inspectors were sent for. When they arrived the girls were taken to a stateroom on the ship and made to undress.

Goods Confiscated.

The inspectors, Miss Ellsworth and Miss Allen, made a thorough search, and hanging to Miss Agnes' waist they say they found a cloth jewel bag containing valuable bracelets, rings and jeweled necklaces. Nothing was found on the younger sister.

All of the goods were confiscated by the officials. The girls told the inspectors they conducted a manicure and hairdressing establishment in French Lick.

KNOCK OUT 2-CENT RATE

Held Unconstitutional in Philadelphia Court

Case Upon Which Decision Was Based Will Be Carried to State Supreme Court.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 10.—Judges Wilson and Audenried, in common pleas court today, declared unconstitutional the two-cent railroad fare law passed by the last legislature. The case upon which the decision was made will be at once taken to the state supreme court.

The two-cent fare law was enacted by the legislature as a result of agitation during the last political campaign, all parties pledging themselves in favor of such legislation. The railroads, led by the Pennsylvania & Reading, made a strong fight against the enactment of the law, but both branches of the legislature passed the bill with practically an unanimous vote. The law was to go into effect October 1.

The Pennsylvania was the first to attack the law, bringing a suit in the local courts to restrain the county of Philadelphia from collecting the fine for violating the provisions of the act. The hearing in the case lasted nearly a week, and among the witnesses were President McCrea and several of the vice presidents of the Pennsylvania railroad. The contention of the company was that the law was not constitutional and that the two-cent rate was fixed without any investigation on the part of the legislature as to whether the railroads could make a fair profit under the law, which the company asserts it cannot do.

All other railroads operating in Pennsylvania have also brought similar proceedings in various counties of the state, but no decisions have been rendered, as it is generally understood that the Pennsylvania's suit will be made the test case in the higher court.

TWAIN MAY PILOT PRESIDENT'S BOAT.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 10.—Should Mark Twain accept the invitation to be present at the waterways convention in this city next month he may man the pilot wheel of the steamer that will bear President Roosevelt down the river. Captain Bixby, a noted antebellum river pilot under whom Mark Twain "cubbed," has promised to be in the pilothouse when Mark Twain shall take the pilot wheel.

VETERANS AT SABATOGA

Annual Encampment of G. A. R. Opens Tonight.

Governor Hughes to Welcome Soldiers—Five Candidates for Commander.

Saratoga, Sept. 10.—On the eve of the 41st annual encampment of the G. A. R., Saratoga is crowded with veterans. Thousands have arrived by special trains, with the result that more visitors are here than on any other date in recent history.

Five candidates have arrived in the field for commander-in-chief. An active canvas is being made by all of these for the office. Among them are H. P. Coney, of Topeka, Kan.; Gen. J. T. Wilde, of Knoxville, Tenn., and C. G. Burton, of Nevada, Mo. The election will take place Friday morning. Five candidates are in the field for the president of the Women's Relief Corps.

It is probable that a western city will be chosen for the next convention.

The first session of the encampment will be held tonight when Governor Charles Hughes will welcome the veterans to New York state.

STRAUS MAKES REPORT

Roosevelt Entertains Labor Experts at Luncheon.

Eight-Hour Law Is Discussed by Neill—Telegraphers Not Considered.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 10.—President Roosevelt gave a luncheon today at which Secretary Straus, of the department of commerce and labor; Charles P. Neill, commissioner of the bureau of labor; Lawrence F. Abbott and Ernest Hamlin Abbott, of New York, were the guests.

Secretary Straus made a verbal report on his recent western trip and Commissioner Neill took up with the President certain difficulties which have arisen in the attempted enforcement of the eight hour law. It is denied that the telegraph strike was considered.

HARVESTER IS OUSTED

Big Company Agrees Not to Operate in Texas.

Austin, Texas, Sept. 6.—The International Harvester company, of Wisconsin, yesterday pleaded guilty to a violation of the Texas anti-trust laws and paid a fine of $35,000 assessed by the court.

The company agreed that a perpetual injunction be issued forbidding it to operate in Texas.

FATHER-IN-LAW MUST PAY

Son-in-Law Awarded $45,000 Damages for Injuries.

Uniontown, Pa., Sept. 7.—William Wirsing yesterday was awarded $45,000 damages for injuries said to have been received at the hands of his father-in-law, James R. Smith, a wealthy coal operator.

A year ago Wirsing eloped with Smith's daughter. Upon the return of the young people Smith shot Wirsing in the right arm, shattering the bone and rendering it useless for life. Smith is now in the penitentiary serving a five years' sentence for felonious shooting with intent to kill.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Sept. 7.—R. G. Dun & company's weekly review of trade says: Aside from some conservatism in preparing for remote requirements directly due to stringency in money market, the volume of business is satisfactory. Trade exceeds even the activity of last year in many sections and as the crosp are secured, there is a demand for goods at leading jobbing markets that makes the outlook bright for fall. Prices of farm staples have risen to an unusual position for this season, but this is caused by the large foreign needs rather than any reduction in domestic yield and the increased amount of money paid to the farmers will benefit all departments of trade and industry.

Expected improvement in the volume of the new contracts for steel is beginning to appear, autumn business coming into sight while the mills still have orders on hand that will take months to fill in most department. The small concession made in pig iron brought out a better tonnage but even after recent reductions the average is about $3 per ton higher than a year ago, which in turn was $4 above the range in the same week of 1905. Among the especially noteworthy contracts placed during the past week were large orders for steel rails and structural shapes, while business under negotiation promises many more contracts when pending deals are consummated. One concern has received orders for 600,000 tons of rails, to be delivered in 1908.

Activity continues at the textile mills, the cotton goods situation sustaining its position of strength because of the large amount of business already under contract and the high prices quoted in dealings in the raw materials.

Curtailment of production has been an element of strength and there is no immediate prospect of materially increasing output. The only factor tending to restrict distribution is the financial situation. Buyers operating less far into the future than would be the case if funds were readily obtained, and this feature is regarded with favor because it checks speculation.

Staple lines of footwear have been more active in New England, producers receiving fair supplementary orders, but the volume is somewhat behind the previous season. Manufacturers are confident that buying will be seen, however, the urgency of mail orders for immediate shipment denoting low supplies. Leather is in better demand and prices of sole are firmly held. Increased activity is reported in the hide market, prices having declined to a point at which tanners are willing to operate freely.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 10.—Weakness at Liverpool and an easier feeling at Minneapolis put the bulls to rout this morning. Prices were lower at the opening and continued to slide during the early hours. Liverpool opened 1½d off. A decline of ⅝c was also reported from Minneapolis. Big bull traders found a great deal of selling against them in their efforts to hold up prices. Frost predictions did not appear to be fulfilled in the northwest, especially in the spring wheat states, the temperature of 38° was reported from Moorhead. As threshing is progressing in the Dakotas and Minnesota, frost will hardly do a great deal of damage unless unusually severe. Temperatures in the Canadian northwest were too high for frost. Threshing will be started in the big provinces within a few days. Cash wheat opened ¾c off at 94½c. A decline of ¼c later made the fall an even cent. September was quoted at the same figures. December at 99c was ¾c down. A fall of ⅛c was reported soon after. May was down ⅜c at $1.04¾ and ⅛c lower than this quotation during the early trading.

Pig iron started slightly higher by covering. There was nothing particularly bullish in the government wheat report. Experts consider the figures more bearish thany anything. Liverpool closed from 1⅜d to 1¾d off. The total closes follow: Cash and September, 95c; December, 99½c; May, $1.05¾c.

Corn was steady in the cash and near future option and weaker in the distant futures. A loss of from ¼d to ⅝d was reported from Liverpool. Continued favorable weather without frosts and sympathy with wheat were the bearish factors. If seasonable weather continues for a week or ten days the bulk of the crop will be safe. Cash was unchanged at 68c. Down ½c at 67½c, September gained the amount lost within the first half hour. December at 60c was 1¼c lower. Opening ½c off at 61¼c, May dropped to 61c soon after the start.

The government's report on corn was about unchanged from last month. Liverpool closed ¾d to 1d lower. The market dropped to lower levels late in the day. The closes follow: Cash, 68c; September, 67½c; December, 59⅞c; May, 61c.

Oats was weaker. The slump in wheat and the general bearish aspect of cereals were effective in letting down all the options. Cash was off ¼c at 51½c. Off ½c at 51c, September gained ¼c before noon. December opened 1¼c lower at 50½c. At noon, the option was stronger at 51¼c. May lost an even cent in opening at 52c, which was also the noon quotation.

The government's report of 65.5 per cent on oats was sensationally bullish and resulted in a firmer tone. The visible supply showed a big increase. Cash closed at 52½c, September at 52¼c, December at 51⅞c, and May at 52¾c.

With the exception of a weakness in the futures, clover seed showed no particular change. Cash and October were unchanged at $9.75 and $10.00 respectively. At $9.15 December and March were off 5c.

Clover seed was slightly firmer near the close. New cash ended the day at $10.00 and new October at $10.00. The regular closes follow: Cash $9.75, September $9.75, December and March $9.25.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Today's Close Sept. 9
Cash	94¼	....	93⅞	95	95¼
Sept.	94½	95⅛	93⅞	95	95¼
Oct.	99	99⅝	98⅜	99½	99¾
May	1.04⅜	1.05⅜	1.04	1.05¼	1.05½
Corn—					
Cash	68	....	....	68	68
Sept.	67	....	....	67½	67½
Dec	60	60¼	59¼	59⅞	61¼
May	61¼	61½	60⅜	61	61⅜
Oats—					
Cash	51¼	....	....	52½	51½
Sept.	51	....	....	52¼	51½
Dec.	50½	....	....	51¾	51¾
May	53	53⅜	51¾	53¾	53
Clover seed—					
Oct., new	....	....	....	....	10.05
Cash, new	....	....	....	10.00	....
Cash	9.75	....	....	9.75	9.75
Oct.	10.00	....	....	9.75	10.00
Dec.	9.15	....	....	9.25	9.20
March	9.20	....	....	9.25	9.20
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	83	82
No. 2	....	....	....	82	81
No. 3	....	....	....	78	77
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.10	2.10
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.25	9.20

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	94¼	95⅛	93¾	94¾	95
Dec.	99	1.00⅛	98⅜	99⅜	99¾
May	1.05⅜	1.06	1.04⅝	1.05⅝	1.05⅝
Corn—					
Sept.	61¾	62	61	61¾	62¼
Dec.	60½	....	59	59⅝	60⅜
May	61	....	59⅞	60½	61¼
Oats—					
Sept.	53⅛	....	52⅜	53⅛	55⅜
Dec.	51½	52⅜	51¼	52	51⅞
May	52¾	53¾	52¼	53	53⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Sept.	1.04¼	....	....	....
Dec.	1.07½	....	....	....
Corn—				
Dec.	70⅝	....	....	....

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Sept.	88¼	....	88¼	....
Dec.	96¾	....	....	....

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
Sept	15.50	....	....	15.55
Oct	....	....	....	15.67
Jan	15.85	....	....	15.75
Lard—				
Sept	9.00	....	....	....
Oct	9.10	9.12	....	8.92
Jan	8.82	....	8.75	8.77
Nov	9.07	....	....	9.07
Ribs—				
Sept	....	....	....	....
Oct	8.65	8.67	....	8.65
Jan	8.15	8.17	8.12	8.12

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 10. Liberal supplies and lower prices western points, together with a cline in the provision trade caused ten cent break in the local hog mar today. Packers were the only buy and trading was fairly active at decline.

Two cars of cattle were received. market was steady. Receipts of calves were 100 head.

Toledo closing live stock quotatio

Hogs—Selected heavies, average to 250 lbs., $6.40@6.50; medium @6.70; Yorkers, $6.65@6.75; bulk sales, $6.75@6.70; pigs, $6.25@ stags and roughs, $3.50@5.60; mixed, $6.65@6.75.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, lbs. and up, $5.50@6.00; good to ch $5.25@5.50; good fats, 1,050 and lbs., $5.25@5.50; fair to good, $ 1,000 lbs., $4.85@5.25; common to steers, $4.00@4.75; choice fat co $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3. 3.85; common cows, $2.00@3.00; can and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime ex bulls, $4.25@4.65; good butcher bu $4.00@4.50; fair to good bolognas, @4.25; common, $3.00@3.25; choice heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to ch feeders, $4.75@5.00; fair to good fe ers, $4.25@4.65; stockers, good choice, $4.00@4.75; stockers, common fair, $3.00@4.00; milk